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MAKING THE AMERICANS PAY

THE *London Outlook* is enthusiastic over a new proposal, which seeks to compel the United States to cancel the money due its treasury from Europe without a direct repudiation on the part of the European Governments. This plan, which is said to be suggested by the British Treasury, is briefly as follows: —

For months we have argued that a revival of world trade and prosperity is impossible without a cancellation of inter-Allied debts, and without the coincident release of Germany from the bulk of her Reparations liabilities. We have recognized, however, that this is a counsel of perfection, difficult to put into effect even if that greatest of creditor nations, the United States, should be willing, as she manifestly is not. We rejoice that the anonymous experts of our Treasury have at length produced a workable plan which in effect may result in the cancellation of the bulk of these debts, without appearing to achieve this end, so that the politicians and journalists who have clamored most loudly that 'Germany must pay!' can accept the sensible solution while still talking nonsense, and thus preserve their reputation for consistency. The French Nationalists, we believe, egged on by timorous bankers and business men less devoid of brain than are they themselves, have long been seeking a way to withdraw from their demands upon Germany without loss of face.

Germany shall be asked to absorb the whole body of the inter-Allied debt. This amounts to sixty-five billion gold marks. Germany will, however, only be called upon to pay these sums if and when any Ally calls upon any other to discharge its indebtedness. It is further suggested that this country and France agree not to call upon any other Allied Government to pay, except in so far as America calls upon them for debt, or in so far as they themselves fail to recover from Germany other sums due. This means, in effect, that the European inter-Allied debt is wiped out, and the total amount credited to Germany, provided Germany meets her reduced obligations, and provided also that America does not insist upon collecting the twelve and one half billion dollars (fifty billion gold marks) owed her by Europe.

Since the details of the Treasury plan reached New York, we have received private cable advices from high financial quarters there, expressing their cautious and confidential endorsement. As regards America, the scheme is a psychological masterpiece. There is no question of repudiation, nothing to which American politicians searching for votes can take exception: the liabilities of each nation in Europe to America remain as they are; but upon America now will rest the onus of disturbing world trade, and her own, and

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retarding the recovery of other nations and of herself, if she chooses to demand her pound of flesh. Her people are too uninformed to understand that it is in their interest to cancel the debts; her bankers and 'big business' magnates have now been converted. They bid us have patience for a few years, until the political and economic education of the 'backwoods' has proceeded further.

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AMERICA 'EXPLODES TWO BOMBS IN EUROPE'

PRESIDENT HARDING'S refusal to allow America to be represented officially at Genoa, and the presentation of our bill of expenses for the maintenance of American troops upon the Rhine, naturally evoked extended comment from the foreign press. *The Nation and the Athenæum* doubts whether the Washington Administration is quite candid in objecting to any recognition of Russia, and surmises that our Genoa refusal was really dictated by a desire to conciliate Senate opponents of the Washington Conference treaties, by placing the Government on record as definitely opposed to European entanglements. The *Spectator* dismisses the Genoa refusal with a brief paragraph summarizing the American note, followed by an equally noncommittal item upon our bill for the support of our army on the Rhine, though it refers to the latter as 'of course perfectly just.'

The *Daily Chronicle* admits that 'intrinsically the American claim is not unreasonable . . . and if the practical effect of the claim is to make some of our Continental friends less zealous than they have been to magnify and prolong the occupation of German soil, that would be an effect quite as much to the taste of British public opinion as of American.' The *Daily News* says the thoughtful American knows quite as much about Europe as does the thoughtful Briton, and his judgment is cooler and more detached than that of his transatlantic cousin. He is not going to mix up in European quarrels. 'With all his flair for France and Lafayette, he has been convinced, during the past six months, that Britain is mainly right in her insistence on the unity of Europe. . . . The influence of France in the New World has been reduced to nil, not, as Paris thinks, because her propaganda was unskillful, but because her outlook was essentially opposite to everything that Americans believe.'

The *Glasgow Herald* says that 'reconstruction is not a problem which can be simply put on one side until America changes her mind'; so Europe must go on with the Genoa Conference, and the refusal may be 'a blessing in disguise, if it serves the purpose of furnishing France and her satellites with incontrovertible evidence that the people of America no longer retain the war mentality, have no sympathy with Napoleonic schemes of military hegemony, and refuse to regard an intransigent attitude on Reparations as anything but blind nationalism which must end in ruin.' The *Manchester Guardian* thinks that, in presenting our bill for occupation expenses, 'one can hardly suppose it is the money, so much as the recognition of her title to the money, that America wants. . . . This latest move will make the Allies realize that American help is indispensable. They were willing to blink the fact, so long as the Continent's inability to pay the American debt could be conveniently ignored. Now that the Americans are pressing for payment and showing that without their goodwill even the collection of Reparations from Germany will be made more difficult, it becomes clear that a general reconsideration of both questions must

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be undertaken.' The *London Outlook*, while admitting that the presentation of our bill may cost Great Britain a little money, thinks that the Foreign Office 'will not be greatly harrowed.'

Avanti, the Italian Socialist daily of Milan, is gratified at our refusal to participate at Genoa, considering that our grounds for refusing confirm its own claim that a conference which does not discuss disarmament and Reparations is doomed to futility. Referring to the rejoicing of the 'reactionary press of every country,' which hastened to declare that our refusal wrecked the Conference, *Avanti* says these papers thereby admit that Europe cannot recover without American help; and since we will not help Europe so long as she persists in her present policy of military competition and excessive indemnities, the logical outcome is Europe's inevitable ruin.

Lokal Anzeiger, reported to have been the Kaiser's favorite journal, is inclined to crow over our Genoa refusal as a slap in the face of Dr. Rathenau, the German Foreign Minister, who recently appealed for our participation. It adds: 'We understand America's antipathy toward European entanglements. That country's experience during the World War and her disappointment in President Wilson . . . have left indelible traces in the American mind.' However, America must eventually realize that her economic interests create ties with Europe which she cannot sever. This paper cannot conceive how the presentation of our bill for Rhine expenses should have surprised the Allied finance ministers in Paris, unless they had received some previous assurance that we would not press this claim. If that is true, Secretary Hughes must have some powerful reason for changing his policy. The Allies were busily building up precedents most detrimental to America, in regard to international finances, and a halt must be called.

Berliner Tageblatt, standing almost at the other extreme of German press sentiment, prints a brilliant editorial by Theodore Wolf upon our claim for repayment for our expenses on the Rhine. That writer surmises that it must have been an interesting moment when Mr. Boyden suddenly submitted his bill to the assembled finance ministers. Following so closely upon Washington's declaration that the United States could not participate in a conference where really essential questions were not discussed, the effect of the presentation of our claim was doubly impressive.

Frankfurter Zeitung thinks our Genoa refusal 'illogical and unsympathetic' when viewed from the European standpoint, but not surprising when seen from the standpoint of a Government that must consider sentiment at home above all else. The latter fact, however, does not lessen the importance of the phraseology of Mr. Hughes' note for Europeans, since the success of future diplomatic measures in Europe itself will be measured largely by the extent to which they conciliate public opinion in America. Many European critics object that the Genoa Conference, instead of being a political and not an economic conference, as claimed in the American note, will be merely an economic and not a political conference, since any meeting where treaty revision and disarmament are not discussed can have no political importance. What Mr. Hughes means is obviously that Europe's economic health cannot be restored until certain political abscesses have been removed from her system. The refusal should be a lesson to Europe. It will do no good merely to stand idle and gaze longingly across the Atlantic, waiting for something to turn up from that direction.

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Europe must set her house in order first.

Our demand for payment of our expenses on the Rhine is another proof that Europe does not yet understand the American attitude. The United States reasons thus: 'We are talking about American money. It is not our business to give away American money to other countries.' We take the same attitude toward all other financial relations with Europe. American public opinion does not endorse giving away good American gold to profligate European Governments. Back of all this lies the American attitude toward the war itself. During the heat of the conflict, American sentiment was essentially in accord with that of her Allies, because all believed they were fighting a common German peril. However, America believes she did her full duty when she came to the rescue of the hard-pressed European Powers, and saved them from defeat. She sees no reason why she should do more. Europe, however, accuses America of being a slacker, because she hesitated for three years to come into the war; and the annulling of the Allies' debt to America has become the central plank of Europe's diplomatic platform.

Die Neue Zeit, a Conservative-Socialist weekly, devotes its leading article to this question, pointing out, on the authority of *Le Temps*, that so far only a tiny fraction of the reparation payments have been devoted to restoring the devastated territories, while the lion's share has been spent in meeting the cost of military occupation and in paying for the support of extravagant government commissions. America's two notes, upon Genoa and the Rhine costs, are characterized as 'two bombs exploded in the councils of the European Allies.' Probably, however, England knew the bombs were coming, and views the wreckage they have caused with smug complacency. Furthermore, 'we can assume that England and America have not yet played their trump cards by a long shot. For both have their financial claims against the other Allies in reserve.'

Le Temps lays considerable emphasis upon a passage in our reply that most French papers passed over with as little stress as possible — the passage suggesting that all-important topics would not be dealt with at Genoa. This journal interprets the meaning of our State Department to be that we cannot discuss Europe's problems until those questions are out of the way. However, says *Le Temps*, France is not responsible for the unsettled economic state of Europe: since she has but one vote on the Reparations Commission, she cannot take control of Germany's finances nor can she carry out the international credit operations that are necessary to enable her own claims to be met.

L'Europe Nouvelle observes that our refusal was received with joy by French enemies of the Genoa Conference. 'There are two subjects that Washington regrets not to see on the list of topics to be discussed at Genoa: the question of Reparations and the question of disarmament.' Our bill for expenses on the Rhine calls to the attention of the Government of France that the prolonged occupation of those territories is very expensive, and that the time may have come when it would be wise to reconsider the treaty provisions relating to the left bank of the Rhine. About all that Genoa can do is to express Platonic wishes regarding customs duties and better railway-service in Central Europe, to denounce some of the worst frontier abuses, and to take up again a study of the currency question. None the less, France has a great opportunity at Genoa if she has the inspiration and generosity to seize it. She can place herself at the head of the

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minor Powers and collaborate with them in drafting new policies of the utmost future import.

Figaro printed a half-page cartoon — an unusual amount of space for that journal — picturing a Negroid-American soldier brutally thrusting aside a female figure representing France, in order to seize the money that the third figure in the cartoon, a German soldier, is pouring into a tray from a sack. *Humanité*, the organ of the Radical Socialists, felt malicious gratification in the embarrassment our note produced, and presented its idea of the situation in a cartoon representing an American cowboy holding up a group of sadly intimidated finance ministers seated around and hastily crawling under a table. Both cartoons have for their legend a play upon the words: 'Lafayette, we 're here!'

Jacques Bainville, writing in *Liberté*, says Europe is in an embarrassing predicament, because Germany's gold is actually deposited in the Federal Reserve Bank and we can take it when we want it. American opinion, however, is not as insistent on money as on European disarmament. The purpose of the note delivered by Mr. Boyden was to make the Allies realize that their military expenditures were unproductive and harmful, and were eating up the entire indemnity. Bainville anticipates increasingly strained relations between Europe and the United States. *Écho de Paris* asks: What good are the American forces on the Rhine, anyway, so long as the United States does not propose to coöperate with her Allies? One might ask the same question regarding the English troops on the Rhine, so long as England does not back up France in her demands against Germany. *Matin* says the presence of the American troops on the Rhine is illogical, since our Government has not signed the Versailles Treaty.

WHAT CONSTITUTE WAR DAMAGES?

Diaro de Noticas, of Lisbon, publishes an article by Correias, until recently the Portuguese representative on the Reparations Commission, describing some of his experiences while acting in that capacity. Among the private damage-claims against Germany, presented to the Commission, were many like the following: Immigration agencies wanted heavy compensation for loss of business during the war; film companies demanded 'enormous damages' because their business was interrupted; an African merchant filed a claim for the equivalent of $100,000 gold, because he was unable to obtain firearms for his customers from England and France during the war; European merchants who were unable to export merchandise, during the interruption of ocean traffic by the submarines, filed claims for losses to their business; a plantation company sought more than $200,000 gold damages, because its tea plantations had suffered from lack of labor; a trucking company presented a claim amounting to several thousand pounds sterling, because its business fell off on account of the shortage of tonnage; a similar firm in one of the Portuguese colonies demanded $30,000 damages for loss of business during the war; a great number of companies claimed heavy compensation for losses due to their inability to secure labor to replace their employees who were conscripted for the army. The article does not state that these claims were allowed, but many of them are still being pressed.

Le Peuple, the official organ of the Conservative Social Democrats of Belgium, analyzes the payments made by Germany to the Allies since the Armistice, and the ultimate destination of this money. According to this computation, of the two and one half billion

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dollars gold, more or less, which Germany paid to her former enemies from the date of the Armistice to the end of 1921, well toward a billion dollars were to pay the cost of the Armies of Occupation. Another large fraction of this sum has been used to furnish food and indispensable raw materials to Germany to keep her factories running, so that she might meet her obligations. If the computation is accurate, after deducting this and other special charges, less than one fourth of Germany's payments to the Allies were actually used to repair war damages.

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GOOD AND EVIL ASPECTS OF JAPANESE OCCUPATION

Two sides to the Japanese invasion of the Asiatic Continent are described in recent issues of the *North-China Herald*. One article reports the establishment of a Japanese opium-monopoly on the frontiers of China. The *Vladivo-Nippo*, a Japanese paper published in Vladivostok, recently contained the following: —

NOTICE

The undersigned bureau having acquired from the Vladivostok Government the opium-monopoly for the Maritime Province and the special right pertaining thereto, all persons transacting business in opium are hereby notified as follows: —

1. — All opium-growers and persons having opium in their possession are requested immediately to notify this bureau, which will purchase their holdings at a reasonable figure.

2. — Opium which has not received official authorization of the Government, and been stamped with the seal of this bureau, will be treated as contraband and confiscated by official authority, the holder of the opium being dealt with in accordance with the law for the supervision of government monopolies.

This bureau is prepared to furnish all regulations and particulars relating to transactions in opium.

(*Signed*)

THE SIBERIAN OPIUM-MONOPOLY BUREAU
VLADIVOSTOK.

This bureau secured its exclusive concession from the anti-revolutionary Vladivostok Government in return for a fee of $125,000 gold. In order to reimburse itself, the Monopoly will have to control not only the Eastern-Siberia crop, estimated at from three hundred to eight hundred tons, but it will also have to import considerable quantities. Since the local market will not absorb this amount, the obvious purpose of the Monopoly is to smuggle this opium into China. This company also has an exclusive right to manufacture morphia in the Siberian Maritime Provinces.

On the other hand, a Manchuria correspondent of the *North-China Herald* writes: —

Disgraceful as are the morphia traffickers, they are not the only representatives of Japanese civilization. . . . The South-Manchuria railway is a credit to the managers and to their country. Not only is this splendid enterprise a daily boon to the whole community, in so far as travel and commerce is concerned, but . . . at its well-equipped hospitals . . . large numbers of Chinese patients are treated by Japanese doctors, competent in surgery, medicine, and dentistry. The Japanese Medical College attached to the big Railway Hospital at Mukden has a large number of Chinese students. . . . The Company also lends a helping hand in social and religious activity. For instance, a new church was built last year by Japanese Christians, and a rectory is planned, at a total cost of $15,000 gold. Of this amount the railway subscribed $5000 gold.

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CENTRAL EUROPE THREE YEARS AFTER THE WAR

From *Kölnische Zeitung, February 25, March 1, 2*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

When German resistance suddenly collapsed in 1918, so completely that even the Allies were at first unable to comprehend the completeness of their victory, the Great Powers, in spite of their traditional diplomacy, were at a loss to know what policy to adopt. This was even more true of the newly created Governments. Central Europe had six of these: Finland, Esthonia, Lettland, Lithuania, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Farther south were the new nations, consisting of Governments whose former territories were a mere nucleus of their new possessions, or of mutilated states that had lost many of their previous provinces: Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Greece. None of these Governments had a traditional foreign policy. They were like men suddenly born to maturity, provided with head, body, and limbs before they had practice in using them.

Immediately, however, a single diplomatic purpose expressed itself in every foreign policy, from London and Paris to Athens, Riga, and Reval. It was to keep what had been taken away from Germany. Everywhere the common people were told that this was the only sure guaranty of peace, democracy, and justice. But beginning with this fundamental principle, a vast network of policy shot forth in all directions, until the original motif was almost lost in the variations.

Diplomatic history is largely determined by geography and race. Statesmen merely incorporate geographical and racial data into the political creeds with which they indoctrinate the masses. The so-called 'succession states' of the former Hapsburg Monarchy have no dearth of gifted leaders. One man, however, towers above the others in clearness of vision, political logic, strength of will, and diplomatic tact. This is Dr. Edouard Bénès, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia. He is the ablest statesman in Central Europe, and he has made Prague a diplomatic centre, forming with Paris and Rome the triangle that dominates that part of the continent.

Bénès's first political achievement was the formation of the Little Entente, which began, in August 1920, with an alliance between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. Prague took the initiative for the following reasons: Its neighbor, Hungary, was a strong military power, that had been forced by the Treaty of Neuilly to cede large territories in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. Each of these countries had only too good reason to fear Hungary's vengeance. More than that, a mere glance at the map shows how unfavorably Czechoslovakia's frontiers are drawn. An attack by any two of her neighbors would place her at once in a critical position, and she must prevent that occurring by forestalling any alliance likely to encircle her. Furthermore, Czechoslovakia, having so recently been a province of another Government, did not have an army of her own; and to create one would take time and, above all, a political tradition. On the other hand, her neighbor, Yugoslavia, closely allied to her by blood, possessed the old Serbian army. Both countries were drawn together by their common Pan-Slavism, which found a home in Prague during the temporary absence of Bol-

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shevist Russia from European council tables. Bénès is an enthusiastic and energetic Pan-Slavist, and future Russia's vicar in Europe.

The European Slavs form three groups: the East Slavs, comprising the Russians and Ukrainians; the South Slavs, embracing the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, now under a single government, and the Bulgars; and the North Slavs, who include the Czechs, Slovaks, and Poles. Therefore the most powerful motive for an alliance between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia is the instinctive disposition of the North Slavs and the South Slavs to draw closer together; but there is a territorial barrier between them, since Austria and Hungary lie athwart their path of union. Precisely at that point lies the bitterly contested territory of Burgenland. This hitherto has belonged to Hungary; its inhabitants are exclusively German. The peace treaty of 1919 assigned it to Austria. Why? It is most unlikely that Wilson and his colleagues on the Supreme Council knew enough geography to appreciate the significance of Burgenland. Even the Italians did not understand the situation and neglected to have it settled their way, to their bitter regret later. But the Serbs and Czechs knew precisely what they wanted, and urged that this German territory be given to poor, mutilated Austria. The great men of the Supreme Council were probably enraptured at the thought; they rarely received such unselfish suggestions from the young Governments they were creating.

In short, Austria was given Burgenland. That was a Slav success; for Burgenland in the hands of Austria means a Slavic corridor, because the Slavs can do what they will with helpless Vienna. Had Burgenland remained part of Hungary, this corridor would have been barred.

In this connection we must bear in mind that Czechoslovakia has no access to the sea. That was why Germany was compelled by the Versailles Treaty to grant that country transit rights upon the Elbe and at Hamburg. Her shortest way to the sea lies through Burgenland and the territories of her Yugoslav kinsman to the Adriatic. The question arises, why did not Bénès and his associates ask at Paris that Burgenland be given to themselves? Wilson would certainly have been delighted. But that would not do. In the first place, Italy suddenly awoke and flashed thunder and lightning, for her security depends upon that corridor remaining closed. In the second place, Burgenland in the hands of the Slavs would be exposed on both flanks to attack by Hungary and Austria, and would be a precarious possession. In the hands of Austria the corridor is defended against Hungary, and at the same time remains practically open to the Slavs. The effort of the North and South Slavs to unite has thus become a determining influence in shaping the new Central Europe.

Bénès quite logically sought to fortify this policy by bringing Poland into the Slavic group. His first effort proved fruitless. Poland had enriched herself at the cost of Russia and Germany, and for the time being she had little to fear from the latter country; but in the case of Russia the situation was very different. Poland's neighbor, Rumania, was in the same situation as herself. Both countries feared Russia, and both were intent on preventing Russia's recovery. They knew that a restored Russia would eventually insist upon the return of East Galicia, Bukowina, and Bessarabia. Bénès's efforts to persuade these two Governments to join the Little Entente failed at first, because Poland and Rumania wanted to make the Little Entente an anti-Russian league, while Bénès, as Russia's vicar, could not consent to such a plan. In Novem-

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ber 1920 he received a blunt rebuff. Poland was isolated for the time being. But Rumania, who has become almost a great power through her territorial acquisitions from Russia and Hungary, felt that her Hungarian neighbor might prove more dangerous than prostrate Russia, so she joined the Little Entente in June 1921. However, she does not belong to the Slavic group, and her action was dictated by considerations of temporary expediency. Since then the ties between her and her neighbors have been strengthened by the engagement of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Princess Maria of Rumania.

Bénès's later attempts to establish closer relations with Poland were supported by French pressure. Another argument influencing the Poles is their need of credits and manufactured goods. Czechoslovakia can furnish both, for that country has shown great prudence and resolution in restoring her currency to a sound basis. Her money is now worth decidedly more than that of her neighbor, and as a wealthy creditor she can insist on concessions. Her superior economic situation has made it possible for her to make herself the leading Slavic Power of Central Europe.

Warsaw is too proud to admit this. Poland is like an impoverished noble, who despises the money of his shopkeeping cousin, especially when any aid the latter may give him is conditional upon his adopting more prudent habits. While things were in this condition, Bénès rendered Poland an important service. At the time the decision regarding Upper Silesia was hanging in the balance, he sent Dr. Hobasch to Geneva as an expert, and that gentleman's reports contributed materially to turn the decision in Poland's favor. This helped things along.

In August 1921 Bénès had a long conversation with the Polish Ambassador, and in November the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs visited Prague. The French General Weygand was present at the negotiations. On the sixth of November a treaty was signed, obligating each country to observe a benevolent neutrality toward the other in case of war and to arbitrate any disputes that might arise with the other party to the agreement. This agreement cleared the way for an understanding between Czechoslovakia and Russia, an achievement which is most important; for in the same way that the North Slavs and South Slavs are separated by the territory connecting Austria and Hungary, so Czechoslovakia and Russia have hitherto been separated by a Polish-Rumanian barrier. Since the Czechs are the champions of Pan-Slavism, Prague has persistently sought some way of coming into direct contact with Russia. The present border-territories between Poland and Rumania will eventually have the same significance that the Burgenland of Austria possesses.

The Polish-Czech treaty expressly states that Poland does not thereby become a member of the Little Entente. French pressure upon Poland in this instance consisted largely in making the proposed French loan of half-a-billion francs to Poland conditional upon the conclusion of the agreement. The purpose of France, of course, was to encircle Germany completely.

Bénès has thus attained two diplomatic objectives during the last three years: the complete encirclement of Hungary, so that she cannot move without foreign aid; and, what is far more important, an alliance between the North and South Slavs. All the threads of this international intrigue centre in Prague, and the Government there has thus acquired an authority and influence that places it on a par with Rome and Paris.

Italy made it a condition of entering

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the war that she should become the recognized mistress of the Adriatic, and this was guaranteed by the London Treaty of 1915. Control of the Adriatic has been a political tradition with Italy since the days of the Romans. Why? First, for economic reasons. The commodities of Yugoslavia, Hungary, Austria, and Czechoslovakia naturally find their outlet on the Adriatic. Control of the Adriatic enables Italy to levy a large revenue — in the form of port dues and other charges — on such commodities, and thus to make all Central-European industry pay tribute to her treasury. In the second place, the Adriatic is the key to the Levant. The third consideration is purely military. If a country expects to command a river or a sea and to control the commerce upon its waters, that country must possess both shores. Naturally the nations on the opposite coast of the Adriatic are equally anxious to control that sea, and quite reasonably protest that Italy has no right to trespass upon territory inhabited by other peoples. Furthermore, the Adriatic is subdivided into three areas: a northern portion dominated by Trieste, Istria, and Fiume; a central portion to which the key is Dalmatia, with its numerous harbors and outlying islands; and the Lower Adriatic, which is overlooked by Albania and controlled by the powerful naval base at Valona.

When Young Italy in 1887 first ventured to dispute with Austria the mastery of the Upper Adriatic, and thus drifted into an attitude of hostile rivalry with that country, Bismarck called the attention of the Italian Premier, Crispi, to Albania. By occupying Valona, directly opposite Otranto, Italy would control access to the Adriatic, and neutralize any disadvantage she might otherwise suffer from Austria's control of the upper and central waters of that sea. Italy accepted the hint, but in Albania also came into conflict with Austria. By the Peace of Passarowitz, in 1718, the Sublime Porte had conceded Vienna protectorate over the Albanian Christians.

When the defeat of the Central Powers led to the dissolution of the Hapsburg Monarchy, Italy's ambitions in Albania seemed about to be realized. Suddenly a new Power rose to take the place of Austria: Yugoslavia soon proved that she was a more exigent and dangerous opponent than the former moribund Government of Vienna. She had a powerful backer in Wilson, who was not bound in any way by the London Treaty, and who insisted that Yugoslavia should have possession of the ports that belonged to her by reason of the nationality of their residents. Wilson had been obliged to make so many concessions to the greed of his Allies that he took a firm stand on this question in order to save his personal prestige. But he was defeated here also. The Italians took matters into their hands, landed troops and reënforcements on the Adriatic shores, and permitted D'Annunzio with his volunteers to fortify himself in Fiume. The Yugoslavs sprang to the defense of their territories. Bloody conflicts ensued at Trieste and Spalato, and later at Sebenico.

This situation was an additional reason why the Yugoslavs were glad to accept the overtures of Prague in the summer of 1920. The Little Entente afforded security against the threats of both Hungary and Italy, for Roman diplomats were already ingratiating themselves at Budapest. They were likewise intriguing actively to win the favor of Bucharest, and had they succeeded in these two efforts Yugoslavia would have been encircled; but Bénès defeated the Italians when he induced Rumania to join the Little Entente.

The first serious effort to relieve the

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tension between Italy and Yugoslavia by direct negotiations occurred in May 1920, when the Italian Foreign Minister met the Yugoslav Premier and Foreign Minister at Pallanza. However, nothing was accomplished at this time. It was left for Giolitti's Cabinet to arrive at a provisional settlement with Yugoslavia by the Treaty of Rapallo, signed in November 1920. By this treaty Italy made good most of her claims, including control of the Northern Adriatic. She retained Trieste and strengthened her hold on Fiume, thus keeping in her grip the ports through which the trade of the Slovenes, Croats, and Hungarians must pass. Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, returned to Rome in triumph, while Trumbitsch went back to Belgrade defeated, ready to lay down his office. Yugoslavia had been forced to yield, because Wilson had been defeated. Italy now had a free hand in the Supreme Council, and easily induced France to force the Yugoslavs to make concessions. In return Sforza, always a warm friend of France, assured Paris that Italy would support the demands of her Government against Germany. This promise was fulfilled when Italy voted in favor of Poland's claim to Upper Silesia.

To be sure, by the Rapallo Treaty the South Slavs secured access to the sea in Dalmatia, but Italy retained possession of the islands that command the harbors there. Moreover, Italy is evacuating the Dalmatian coast so slowly and reluctantly that the provisions of the Treaty have not even yet been fulfilled. Italian war-vessels cruise up and down before the South-Slav harbors, and the Belgrade Parliament seethes with wrath at the pretensions Italy continues to assume in that region.

Consequently the Yugoslavs, who viewed their alliance with Czechoslovakia with more or less indifference before the Rapallo Treaty, — considering that they were giving more than they received, — now regard the Little Entente with much keener interest. Before the Rapallo Treaty Yugoslavia looked to Paris for support against Rome. She made France a formal offer of alliance in January 1920 — an offer directed against Italy. In case of war France was to have full use of the Yugoslav harbors in Dalmatia, and Yugoslavia was obligated to maintain a certain number of divisions on the Italian border. But this offer was not attractive enough for France, who insisted that Yugoslavia must also seize Saloniki and place that port at her disposal. Last of all, she wanted the Yugoslavs to build a navy and to have all their vessels constructed at French shipyards. So the negotiations broke down. Italy soon learned of them and was exceedingly indignant. The Treaty of Rapallo followed. Now Yugoslavia belongs body and soul to the Little Entente, and the Little Entente is fighting tooth and nail to free itself from the tutelage of the Western Powers. The success with which this policy is being pursued was indicated last autumn, when the Little Entente for the first time energetically defied the dictation of the Great Powers and compelled her solution of the Burgenland controversy to be accepted.

The diplomatic intrigue spun from the three centres, Prague, Rome, and Paris, had the following objectives: Prague was working arduously to strengthen the Slavic bloc by a closer union with Yugoslavia and by making Burgenland either a Slavic possession or a part of Austria. Under no circumstances must that territory go to Hungary. Rome did her best to prevent the union of the North and South Slavs, and to keep Burgenland in the hands of Hungary. She tried to strengthen Hungary and favored an alliance of that country with Rumania and Austria, to

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form a Danube Federation under Italian control. Paris was mainly intent on partitioning Germany, and looked favorably upon a Danube Federation as a means to that end. She wished to have such a federation include Bavaria as well as Austria and Hungary. Paris and Rome, therefore, were agreed to a certain point, but at that point their purpose diverged; for the French idea of a Danube Federation, including Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary, assumed a Hapsburg ruler, with a monarchist Hungary on the right, an equally monarchist Bavaria on the left, and the socialists of Austria in the middle. France fancied that socialism would soon be squeezed to death between its stronger partners. But Italy wished a Danube Federation to be definitely anti-Hapsburg. On that particular point Rome and Prague were perfectly agreed.

The present succession states of Austria embrace foreign elements that are mostly unwilling subjects: the Slovaks in Czechoslovakia, the Croats and Slovenes in Serbia, the Transylvanians in Rumania, the Tyrolese in Italy, the Galicians and Ruthenians in Poland. A Hapsburg ruler in Budapest would prove a most attractive rallying-centre for all these disgruntled nationalities, who recall longingly the time when they were subjects of the Crown of Stephan. That spirit threatens the very existence of all the succession states, and even disturbs Italy, who would find herself again overshadowed by a powerful neighbor on the north.

Consequently France schemed to bring about a Danube Federation under a Hapsburg ruler and backed the ex-Emperor Charles, while Italy stood behind the Horthy Government. Prague was on the alert, ready to give the decisive thrust whenever it proved necessary. Things moved faster than was expected.

Last October Rome and Paris crossed swords almost in the suburbs of Budapest. The French rapier broke. Charles 's attempt to seize the throne was defeated, Horthy held the field, and France slunk off the scene. Rome and Prague were left face to face over Burgenland. Conceive for a moment two electric poles, one above and the other below, with a metal rod between them. When the rod is vertical it connects the two poles and makes a contact; when it is horizontal the connection is broken. Burgenland is such a rod. The Slavs want that rod to be vertical; the Italians want it to be horizontal; the French want it to occupy whichever position is most likely to do harm to Germany.

That was the situation when Charles was beaten before Budapest. Horthy, who represented Italy's rapier, won; and he, with his bands of volunteers, held Burgenland firmly in his hand. But the pressure upon him grew stronger. Treaty agreements demanded that he evacuate this territory — that the contact-rod assume a vertical position. The Little Entente mobilized, eager to seize the opportunity to settle the question by force of arms, for that would place the corridor in their hands most effectively. Poland watched the plans of the Little Entente benevolently, and an attempt by Hungary to intrigue with Prague behind the back of her Italian friends miscarried. Driven into a corner, Budapest asked Rome to mediate. This was done at Venice on October 12.

Austria and Hungary, the two political figureheads set up to fight each other there, were merely boxing-gloves on the hands of the real contestants — Prague and Rome. Only a single round was fought; but both parties pushed the fighting, and both suffered damage. Neither side won a straight decision, though Rome had rather the best of it.

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Nearly all of Burgenland was given to Austria, but Oedenburg and the district immediately surrounding it were allowed to decide by a popular vote whether they would belong to Austria or Hungary. Prague almost secured the Slavic corridor it sought, but Italy managed to thrust a Hungarian buttress half way across its narrowest point. Prague at once countered Italy's partial success; and the Little Entente insisted that Ex-Emperor Karl should be delivered immediately into the keeping of the Great Powers, that Hungary should disarm, and that the nations of the Little Entente should be compensated for their mobilization expenses. These demands were purposely made excessively severe. Prague and Belgrade both hoped they would be refused, for that would give them an excuse to invade Hungary and to seize the Slavic corridor. This manœuvre brought Rome and Paris together in an instant; they sternly forbade the Little Entente to continue mobilization, and forced Hungary to comply with the other demands in spite of their severity.

Prague immediately followed with another bold move, delivering an ultimatum demanding that not only Karl, but the whole Hapsburg Dynasty be excluded from succession to the Hungarian throne. It was confidently expected that this demand would be refused. So much the better; that would give the coveted excuse for invading Hungary. Again Italy persuaded Budapest to bow to a new humiliation. Again the Little Entente found itself disarmed. A Government organ at Prague, the *Narodni Listy*, let the keen disappointment escape in a passionate article asserting that France in an analogous situation would long since have occupied German cities, and that Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia were entitled to do this in the case of Hungary. The same day Bénès telegraphed a practically identical statement to *Matin*.

Meanwhile arrangements for the Oedenburg plebiscite were pushed forward with feverish haste. An Italian general, aided by representatives of France and England, took charge. The result was settled beforehand; for Budapest, Rome, and Paris had decided what the vote must be. So an election held on December 14, which no one took seriously, gave Oedenburg to Hungary; and by that move Rome practically blocked the Slavic corridor. Prague lost this play.

But Bénès had forseen that possibility and was ready with a counter-move. He had concluded a secret treaty with Austria, signed by her First Chancellor, Renner. The Renner Treaty permitted Czechoslovakia to move her armies across Austrian territory in case of a war with Hungary, and obligated Austria to give Czechoslovakia military support. We do not know yet just what pressure Bénès brought to bear on Renner to persuade him to make this agreement. Probabilities indicate that Bénès used some such threat as the following: —

'If you Austrians do not make us this concession, we shall march in and take our Slavic corridor by force of arms, and divide up your territories, giving Lower Austria and Vienna to Czechoslovakia, and Carniola and Styria to Yugoslavia. This will accomplish our object; the North Slavs and the South Slavs will have formed a junction. No one can prevent us: you are helpless; Hungary is encircled by the Little Entente; Rome will be satisfied if we give her your Alpine provinces; the German Government will be powerless to do more than make a passionate protest, to which no one will listen. However, since we are champions of civilization and law, we do not wish to wipe you off the map so unceremoniously. We prefer to let you live. But you must see to

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it that neither Oedenburg nor Vienna falls into the hands of Hungary.'

But Oedenburg had now become Hungarian. Therefore Bénès summoned the President and the Chancellor of Austria to him and recalled the Renner Treaty to their memory. Austria was not to be partitioned; the situation had changed, and Italy would no longer consent to such a measure. So the parties concluded the Prague Treaty, concerning which there has been such violent controversy. We now know the motives that influenced Austria. She had to yield to Czech pressure on the main issue, but secured a modification of the Renner Treaty in her favor. Bénès substantial achievement in the Prague Treaty was securing from the Vienna Parliament an admission of Austria's dependence upon Czechoslovakia, for this enabled the Slavs to circumvent the obstacle to their military and commercial junction that Italy and Hungary had thrust between them at Oedenburg.

To revert again to the figure of a metal contact-rod between two electric poles, the Neuilly Treaty set the contact-rod vertical, establishing a connection between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. Karl's attempt to recover the throne last spring swung it back to a horizontal position and broke the contact, but Prague diplomacy restored it to the vertical. Then Karl made a second attempt to recover the throne of Hungary last October, and again broke the contact, which Bénès's two ultimatums restored. Then Rome intervened, and swung it back to the horizontal a third time by the Venice Conference and the Oedenburg plebiscite. Last of all, Bénès by the Prague Treaty, signed the sixteenth of last December, again restored the connection between the two Slavic poles. That is the situation as it stands to-day.

However, Italy is laboring sedulously to reverse the position again. When the Hungarian Premier, Count Bethlen, visited Vienna last January, it was in order to get something from Austria. He did not make the trip of his own initiative, but at the instance of Rome. He proposed both a political understanding and a new agreement regulating communications. This is the ambiguous way in which the negotiations were described in Parliament and the press; but the communications agreement did not relate so much to general passenger-service, prompter train-connections, through tickets, more cars, passport restrictions, and that sort of thing, although these matters merit great attention. They related to the transportation of troops, and the construction of strategic railways — or the non-construction of such lines. The two parties could not agree on these matters, and the practical results of the Conference were limited to a commercial treaty, which was signed in Budapest on February 9.

Germany lies temporarily helpless between the three diplomatic centres of Europe — Prague, Rome, and Paris; she is hemmed in between the Slavs and the Latins. The Germans are not permitted by their enemies to unite under a single government, and the veto the Allies have issued against the union of Germany and Austria is based upon the assumption that Austria cannot survive in her present form. Purposely given a territory incompatible with national existence, she is predestined to extinction as soon as her estate can be divided; that eventuality is expected to deprive the German race of another great block of its own territory. Austria's tactics hitherto have necessarily been limited to choosing the least of several evils; but she has been forced to buy the survival of her Government at the cost of public distress, and her voluntary sacri-

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fice is unquestionably a noble contribution to the German cause. With no prospect in sight that her distress will be relieved, she still holds out, hoping for a better future, hoping that some political change may enable her to unite with the German nation. Austria has bowed to many humiliations in this hope. Had the Vienna Government not manœuvred with the utmost tact, Austria might already have ceased to exist. The Prague Treaty must be interpreted in this light. By signing that Treaty the Austrian Government does become dependent upon the Slavs, but it secures a breathing-spell.

THE RENAISSANCE OF FAITH

BY HARALD HÖFFDING

[*The philosophical writings of Professor Harald Höffding, of the University of Copenhagen, are so well known in interested circles that a new work by him is sure to attract attention. A chapter from his most recent book,* Leading Thoughts in the Nineteenth Century, *is here rendered into English for the first time, as a valuable contribution to current discussion of man's relation to the universe.*]

THE contrast between the nineteenth and the eighteenth century is more pronounced in the domain of religion than in any other intellectual field. The revolutionary movement within the literature and politics of France, and the great humanistic renaissance in Germany, for a time pushed religious questions into the background. It even seemed that such questions were on the point of being entirely eliminated from the sphere of intellectual interests. Free inquiry and free thought were the polestars of the period. Those who proclaimed this doctrine were great personalities, giants who towered head and shoulders above the thinkers who insisted that men would revert to brutes if their thought and conduct ceased to be guided by divine authority.

After the great apostasy, however, the yearning for a higher guidance in life returned stronger than ever; the principle of authority was again recognized. In French literature De Maistre was its leading champion. He pointed, with justice, to the fact that 'the Syllogism, the Scaffold, and the Epigram' — the three chief weapons of the eighteenth century — had proved no substitute for the absolute support of faith and for refuge in the Divinity. Under cover, as it were, the power of the Church reasserted itself. De Maistre argued that the evils of the day proved that unaided human reason alone was not competent to guide our lives. It was useless to summon science as a witness; the so-called laws of nature were but so many dogmas, and taught us nothing with regard to first causes. Only a divine will could be the real cause of what occurs in the world. To know what is true and good, one must look elsewhere than to human reason. De Maistre argued that only the spiritual authority possessed by the Catholic Church could solve this problem, and assumed the infallibility of the head of this Church.

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Subsequently several gifted advocates of French Catholicism carried forward De Maistre's train of reasoning. After 1830 the new constitution made things easier in that country for the Catholic faith. 'We are the sons of the Crusaders,' declared Montalembert in the Chamber, 'and we will not step aside for the sons of Voltaire.' Lacordaire labored to revive monasticism. Though even after the Restoration no monks dared show themselves on the public streets, Lacordaire wore openly his Dominican robe, even when he took his seat at the ministerial table in the National Convention of 1848. Times had indeed changed; for during the first years following 1830 the clergy could visit the dying in the hospitals only in civil dress.

De Maistre tried to extend the principle of authority to politics and intellectual dogmas, as well as to religion. John Henry Newman, the champion of that principle in England, applied it only to spiritual belief. From early youth Newman felt increasingly that the Anglican Church wavered between authority and liberty. At last it became clear to him that she had deserted her task, because she lacked courage to assert her divine authority, although rigorously insisting upon her unbroken descent from the original Church. Unlike France, England had no political revolution to deal with; but the ideology of the eighteenth century permeated the Protestant Church. Newman chiefly attacked the right of the individual to follow his private judgment. That, he insisted, led to skepticism. Furthermore, what other solace than divine authority is there for the fear that is so deeply rooted in man's nature? Only the Church has a message of comfort, and that solely by virtue of her Holy authority. Newman wrote that the task of the Church is to rescue human nature from its misery, and to lift man to a higher level. In spite of man's debasement, the Church perceives the true moral loftiness of his nature; but she cannot liberate him from his degradation without raising his eyes to Heaven. For this purpose the power of forgiveness has been placed in her hands; and in order that the Church may dispense this grace, she must possess absolute authority.

In the *Apologia pro vita sua*, one of the most remarkable books of the nineteenth century, Newman describes how the necessity for this absolute authority was revealed to him little by little, during his bitter inner struggles. As is so often the case, his real decision was made long before he formally went over to the Catholic Church. Probably he was a Catholic at heart from his childhood. For him there was no ultimate choice except between Catholicism and atheism. The middle path of the Anglican Church, and of the Protestant Church as a whole, was to him a going astray. As early as 1841, four years before his formal conversion, he characterized Lutherans and Calvinists as heretics. It is of interest in religious history that belief in Christ's second coming was a vital doctrine in his religious creed.

Christianity, ever since coming into the world, he said, has constantly been on the point of leaving it. The great hope that gave ancient Christianity its strength and character must continue to live in the Church. 'The New Testament otherwise is not written for us.' Newman considered the monk and the nun the only ones who strictly follow the injunction to lay up treasure in Heaven. He asserted this even when still a Protestant.

In Germany and Scandinavia the reaction against the rationalism of the eighteen century took the form of a return to old-time Lutheranism. In 1817, the three-hundredth anniversary

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of the beginning of the Reformation, a Holstein clergyman, Claus Harms, issued ninety-five theses, the exact number published by Luther. But while Luther thundered against the papal power and indulgences, Harms preached against reason-worship and rationalism. He ascribed the origin of rationalism to the distinction that Calixtus made, in the seventeenth century, between Christian dogma and ethics. A choice must be made between the Bible and reason.

In both the Catholic and the Protestant world it was an identical principle, but in a different form, that was in question. Whether authority rested in the Pope, the Bible, or a creed, it demanded obedience and submission from the individual. In the course of the nineteenth century the differences between the various creeds became more pronounced. Early in the century the relations between Catholic and Protestant clergy suggested a cordial understanding between them, and even Jewish rabbis were looked upon as colleagues. Rationalism was the enemy; differences of creed meant little.

But in the Catholic Church the principle of authority could not stand by itself. To the leaders of the Church, mere sentimental leaning upon an absolute authority was not enough. Such an attitude was too personal and subjective. An author like De Maistre was welcomed as a pioneer, to convince men that they must have an authority above them. But this conviction was only a foundation upon which to erect a rational theology. It was not enough to make reason a captive of the Church; reason must become the willing servant of Christianity. We must start with reason, not with faith; for how else can it be established that faith is right? Simply to deny that reason can disprove God's existence is not enough. Theology builds upon the supposition that God has revealed himself in a trustworthy manner, that this revelation is incorporated in the Church's teachings, and that it reaches the individual through the Church.

The Catholic Church dismisses peremptorily the psychology of experience, as advanced by the newer philosophy, and returns to the scholasticism of the Middle Ages. Thomas Aquinas is opposed to Kant. While formerly a certain tolerance of philosophic liberty existed within Catholicism, providing dogma was respected, things were now changed. The *Syllabus errarum*, published by Pius IX, in 1864, declared that the principles of scholastic philosophy could be reconciled perfectly with the requirements and progress of science. At the same time, the opinion that moral philosophy could be studied without regard for divine revelation and ecclesiastical authority was condemned. In *Vaticanum*, where the infallibility of the Pope was decreed as a dogma, the Church threatened with excommunication both those who denied that God's existence could be proved by human reasoning and those who believed that faith could be gained by purely personal experience. Leo XIII, who as Cardinal had proposed that Thomas Aquinas be made the patron saint of the universities, declared in 1879 that his philosophy was the best of all philosophies.

The Catholic Church, therefore, is not afraid to let 'the faith of the unlearned depend on the evidence of the learned.' But it maintains this position by sternly condemning the independent intellectual strivings and spiritual gropings of the age. During the nineteenth century many Catholic thinkers were rebuked, sometimes because they gave reason too much rein, and sometimes because they belittled its influence. Abbé Bautain, for instance, had to renounce his teaching that reason could

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not demonstrate the existence of God. According to *Vaticanum*, it is an article of faith that such proof is possible. This proves a two-edged sword in the hands of the Church, because a criticism of sanctioned evidence implies doubt of the Church's authority. Referring to his student days at St. Sulpice, Ernest Renan declared that, '*Sous le couvert de réfutations faibles, tout l'ensemble des idées modernes venait à nous.*'

So consistent a reversion to its former position was not possible for Protestantism; nor did that Confession venture to decree new dogmas, as the Catholic Church did twice during the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, the Protestant Church strove to increase respect for herself, for her culture and traditions, as superior to the spontaneous and untutored faith of the individual. But it became increasingly difficult for the Protestant Church to explain on what she based her authority. She was unable to interpret with finality her own creed and teaching. Here was seen both the strength and the weakness of Protestantism. That Church is strong when she leans on personal experience and the conviction of free individuals, but she always fails when called upon to formulate a systematic polity and doctrine. There is little of culture or historical interest in the evolution of the Protestant idea of authority during the nineteenth century; but there is much of interest in the historical motives that during that period turned men back to positive religion, as represented by the Protestant Church.

First of all, the general characteristics of a specific century do not apply equally to all strata of society, let alone to all individuals. In every age there are great numbers of people who are very little affected by what, from a historical standpoint, gives their time its peculiar character. During the century of 'enlightenment' many cherished quietly their old beliefs; and when the new thought became too obtrusive, they resolutely opposed it. Small wonder, therefore, that the old beliefs reappeared as soon as the ferment of the revolutionary era subsided. But this ancient faith had changed during the interval; and those changes, made under the stress of a new world-ideology, have not always received due consideration.

Even in circles where 'enlightenment' was the animating force, a certain weariness would intrude at times — a yearning for different mental food and other ideals. Wherever education and knowledge were more than a passing vogue, men were expected to strain every mental nerve, to think intensely upon every subject. Gradually this brought about a desire for relaxation, for rest in the simple and the commonplace, for resigning oneself to formulas that did not need to be reëxamined anew every time they were used. Religion, with it centuries of experience, possessed such permanent formulas. The 'Faith of our Fathers' was a welcome heritage — a refuge with an ever-open door.

Rousseau called the culture of the eighteenth century one-sided. Profound spiritual needs did not receive due consideration; the yearning for an atmosphere where imagination and sentiment might blossom undisturbed was ungratified; the thinking of the intellectual leaders of the age did not touch the topics that concern the soul. New seed must be planted, so that man's emotional nature might germinate and send forth shoots. Such a process takes time and moves through indirect channels.

For this reason the education of the eighteenth century was aristocratic; the new thought was available only to

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a small circle. But the Revolution created new social stratifications, and the intense national sentiment that accompanied it demanded comradeship and insisted that the whole people should share the intellectual riches of the nation. Learning and doctrine must assume forms comprehensible by all; admission to the treasures of the intellect must be open to the masses. The teachings of the Church seemed peculiarly fitted to fill this need.

In the eighteenth century, education was abstract and also dogmatic. It was based on what were considered irrefutable propositions. But these results of science and reflection needed to be further confirmed and amplified, and this promised to be the task of the nineteenth century.

The scientific discoveries and historical and philosophical researches of that century corroborated and defined what past centuries had taught. But a distinction must be made between ideal concepts and exact science. The relation between knowledge and faith was found to be much more complex than was previously supposed.

This resulted in a new attitude toward the intellectual heritage of the past. The world needed this inheritance; its value was better understood than ever before. Here the romantic movement ran parallel with the religious revival. The poetic and historical temperament, and the religious temperament that clings to authority, advanced hand in hand.

In the case of Protestantism, at least, rationalism held sway not only outside the Church and against the Church, but within the Church itself. The history of Protestantism during the first decade of the century is the history of the gradual retreat of rationalism. Karl Hase, who was far from orthodox, pointed out in his *Theologische Streitschriften*, 1834, three vital weaknesses in rationalism. In the first place, it lacked historical appreciation and insisted on immutable conclusions reached by pure reasoning, instead of recognizing the peculiar forms in which the intellectual life of different ages has been moulded. Each era has its own mode of expressing what it considers the highest truth. Secondly, rationalism subordinated feeling entirely to reason. It rejected and despised any spontaneous outpouring of religious emotion. In the third place, rationalism assumed common sense to be the only true standard by which to measure reason, and this common sense was a late product of the human mind's own development.

Every period has its own 'common sense,' that leans on the experiences of the past; but this 'common sense' can never be set up as an infallible arbiter. It must be tested by the most advanced scientific knowledge available; and precisely here rationalism had assumed, all too soon and with unfounded complacency, that finality had been reached.

When we view the position of religion after its struggle with rationalism in the nineteenth century, two main facts command our attention. The one concerns religion in its relation to culture; the other the psychological basis of religion itself.

There were times when religion alone embodied all the spiritual and intellectual strivings of the human soul. All intellectual endeavor was judged by its relation to the ideals and interests of religion. But even though religion has revived and broadened, this is no longer the case. Quite the reverse. Religion now derives its justification and value from its contribution to a rich and complete intellectual life. Religion has now become one element among many in the world of thought.

In his bull against modernism, Pius X declared that religion had become

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pragmatic. The fact that religion has again become an essential part of life, after being virtually dethroned for a time, is due to a personal need in which mere religious forms and creeds play a minor part. When we study the religious thought of the nineteenth century, we observe how personal and subjective experience gives it all its color. Even where the principle of authority is most strongly emphasized, the main motive is, after all, to satisfy this conscious need for a sure foundation to our life.

It is by no means objective reasoning that determines the faith of man. Comte is undoubtedly right when he says that we no longer believe in Apollo and Diana, not because the existence of these gods has been disproved, but because we no longer feel any need to believe in such gods. Only that constitutes a living faith which is based on a great human need.

THE SOUTH-AFRICAN STRIKE

From the *Economist, March* 18
(London Financial Weekly)

The capture of the suburb of Fordsburg on Tuesday, after a bombardment lasting over an hour, brings to a speedy end the armed revolt of the strikers on the Rand. The unwonted sight of a Prime Minister personally directing field operations has, on this occasion, been attended by brilliant success, and it is evident that the preparations for suppressing trouble had been carefully thought out and worked according to plan. The episode, which, like the Rand strike of 1913, has been attended by loss of life, illustrates the greatly increased power which modern weapons have placed in the hands of Governments; for the rapid suppression of the revolt seems to have been the work very largely of aeroplanes and tanks.

The affair is somewhat outside the direct line of political controversy in South Africa. There are employed in the gold mines some 21,000 white workmen, of whom 11,000 work underground. Of the latter it is estimated that nearly 8000 are Dutch, while a small number of the surface workers are also of that nationality. The Nationalist Party has not, however, been implicated in the disturbance; for though at the outset some sympathy with the strikers was shown by certain Dutch leaders, on the ground that the strikers were standing for the status of the white men against the employers, who were trying to break down the color bar, General Hertzog promptly dissociated his party from any sympathy with the strikers. Mr. Cresswell, the leader of the 1913 strike, and formerly leader of the Labor Party in Parliament, appears to have taken no part in the contest; but the machinery of the Industrial Federation seems almost entirely to have been controlled by English officials, all but two of the delegation which has negotiated with the employers being English.

It is believed by competent authorities that Bolshevist emissaries have been working behind the scenes and encouraging the movement; and, as evidence,

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the immigration statistics are quoted, which show that Russians form the second largest class of immigrants after Englishmen. It is alleged that the atrocities recall those of the Russian Revolution, and that Russian agents have been captured in the recent operations. But, leaving that question aside, it is not necessary to go very far afield to explain the origin of the trouble in a community whose white population is of varied nationality, which is jealous in the extreme of anything savoring of the intrusion of the colored man on the white man's prerogatives and is faced with an economic crisis of peculiar intensity.

The economics of gold mining are complicated by the fact that gold is, or has been, the standard of value in most commercial countries of the world, and that the annual output, which forms a comparatively small proportion of the world's stock of gold, has only a moderate effect upon the relative value of gold and commodities. During the war the ratio of gold to goods has fallen very much, — that is to say, prices have risen, — not because gold has become more abundant, but because most nations have ceased to use gold for currency; and the European nations have between them shipped a very large fraction of their total stocks of the precious metal to the United States.

Fortunately, the price level has not risen as fast in South Africa as in some other countries, otherwise production would have been materially curtailed. Native wages, which form a large part of the cost, have only shown a very slight increase; and though other costs, and particularly the wages of white labor, have risen much more, the total cost has only risen between 40 and 50 per cent. Early in February 1920, the price of gold in British currency reached 130*s*. per fine ounce, which was the highest price touched, and is now below 95*s*. It has for some time been steadily declining, and is believed, though no one who has carefully considered the matter will commit himself to any positive prediction, to be likely to decline further until the normal price of 84*s*. 11*d*. is reached.

Meanwhile the costs per ton of ore for Witwatersrand mines, which in 1913 were 17*s*. 11*d*., have increased to 24*s*. 11*d*., in December 1921, or more than 39 per cent, while, as shown above, the increase above normal of the price of the product is now less than 12 per cent. As a result, the cost of every ounce of gold produced by the mines has risen tremendously, in many cases to more than the amount which that ounce will fetch in the market.

The inevitable causes of increased cost were aggravated by slack methods of production which grew up during the war, together with a tendency on the part of the men to insist rigidly upon the doctrine of 'one man, one job,' thus involving the employment of increasing numbers of white men, who very often were incompletely employed. The right of fixing prices for subcontracts, which had always hitherto rested with the manager, was limited, and contract rates were not allowed to be changed. Finally the men succeeded in securing what has been called the *status quo* agreement, which means that if a particular job was then being done by a white man it must always be done by a white man, or if then done by a colored man it must always be done by a colored man. In view of the changing conditions underground which are met with as the workings extend, such a doctrine is in practice ridiculous. The owners, therefore, proposed last November to the South African Industrial Federation three measures: —

1. Alteration of the existing contract-system.

2. Reorganization of underground working.

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3. Modification of the *status quo* agreement.

It is particularly on the last point that the trouble has arisen, for employers make no secret of the fact that they intend, when the agreement is abandoned, to dispense with the labor of some 2000 white men. This was subsequently modified in the first week of February by an offer to postpone the retrenchment of 1000 white men on the higher-grade mines until the whole question can be discussed by an impartial Goverment commission; but the employers are distinctly of opinion that unless there is a great change in the ratio between gold and commodities, — that is to say, unless prices in gold-using countries fall, — gold will only continue to be produced at a profit by employing the utmost amount of low-paid native labor.

There is reason to believe that the force of economic arguments is realized by some of the leaders of the men, and it is clear that the white labor employed in Johannesburg was by no means unanimously behind the strikers. This is shown by the fact that two mines on the New Rand, which opened in the third week of February, before the recent revolt, attained an output of 48 and 79 per cent, respectively, in the third week of March. Nor is there reason to suppose that the events of the last fortnight will permanently or seriously prejudice production. It is true that about 25 per cent of the natives have been temporarily lost, as no replacements have been made since the trouble began. But we are informed that these losses are likely to be replaced in a few months, and that output will almost immediately recover; since most mines have a reserve of development in hand, and will presumably put what native labor remains with them on production, and get back to normal, in regard to development, as opportunity allows.

The history of this revolt has more than a local interest to South Africa. During and since the war, the world's gold output markedly declined, owing to the fact that, with the high wages and prices which prevailed, mining in America and Australia, whose resources in any case were withering, has become unprofitable. South Africa is the one exception, her output, as the following table shows, remaining normal:—

(Millions of £'s)

Year	*Transvaal*	*Total British Empire*	*Foreign Countries*	*Total for World*
1913....	37.4	58.8	35.9	94.7
1914....	35.6	56.5	33.9	90.4
1915....	38.7	60.7	35.7	96.4
1916....	39.5	59.6	33.9	93.5
1917....	38.3	56.1	30.2	86.3
1918....	35.8	51.0	28.0	79.0
1919....	35.4	50.0	25.2	75.2
1920....	34.7	48.2	21.3	69.5
1921....	34.5	46.5	19.5	66.0

Even in South Africa, the rapid tendency to the exhaustion of gold resources is illustrated by the enormous reduction which has taken place in the output from the old Rand. This has been replaced from the New Rand, which will shortly supply half the output of South Africa; but there is very little sign of a big extension of production even there. Competent judges believe that the reduction in costs for which employers are now contending will not increase output, but will only suffice to postpone the decline which must shortly be expected. These considerations have a most important bearing on international currency questions; for it is impossible to contemplate that any considerable number of the States of Europe can get their currencies back to a gold basis, unless gold prices rise; that is, unless gold becomes cheap in relation to goods.

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SOCIAL ASPECTS OF GANDHISM

BY RAM-PRASSAD-DUBÉ

From *Clarté, March* 1
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SINCE the days when Gautama Buddha defied the hierarchical traditions of Hinduism by preaching love and equality among all men, no popular social movement so revolutionary in its possible results has swept over India as the movement that now agitates its people. Buddha's social doctrine sought to overthrow the domination of the Brahman or priestly caste and of the Kshatriya or military and landlord caste, and was primarily religious. The movement to-day is definitely political and economic; and its effect will be felt for all time to come, even though its immediate purpose, to expel an alien Government, is temporary.

English rule has meant for India economic and political exploitation — and, over and beyond that, social humiliation. English capital has drained of its wealth one of the naturally richest lands on the globe. To-day the Hindus are chronically undernourished, and their social and intellectual development has been systematically stunted. A European country in that situation would seize arms and revolt; but India's population embraces more than three hundred million people, scattered over a vast territory, speaking different languages, divided into hostile religious sects, and encumbered by traditions going back for thirty centuries. These people are trying to overthrow the alien Government without using force. That is peculiarly a Hindu idea, and the man who guides this movement is Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

A National Hindu Congress met for the first time thirty-seven years ago, in 1885. Up until four years ago, its leaders were always lawyers, landlords, and business men, who contented themselves with delivering long orations and elaborating schemes for coöperating with their English masters. To-day the National Congress has adopted Gandhi's programme, has become a tremendous force among the people, and may be considered truly representative of the popular will.

I do not propose to discuss the political part of this programme. I shall confine myself to its social planks. These are: —

(a) Abolition of 'prohibited contact': that is, of the caste distinctions that place fifty million Hindus outside of orthodox society, under the pretext that they are too impure to have contact with the superior castes.

(b) Passive resistance to the government, and the self-sacrifice of the individual for the sake of the social regeneration and political emancipation of India.

(c) Absolute religious toleration.

(d) 'Return to the spinning-wheel,' to promote home local industry and to make the country self-sufficient economically, thus ending its exploitation by foreign capital.

Indians have always realized that the caste system — which divides the vast population of their country into four rigid and hereditary groups, with a great number of sub-groups, whose members cannot intermarry or even

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dine together — is an enormous obstacle to progress and liberty. Below these castes are fifty million outcastes, who are not even to be touched. They are persons who follow 'impure' trades.

Numerous attempts have been made in the course of Hindu history to abolish these cruel and arbitrary distinctions. Besides the Buddhist effort already mentioned, reforms were attempted in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the Sikhs tried to overthrow the caste system in the fifteenth century. The Brahmo-Samaj movement, a generation ago, sought the same end. After that followed a period when Hindu society, in an effort to safeguard itself against foreign capitalism and Christian missionaries, sought salvation in an orthodox, reactionary nationalism that deadened all thought of social progress.

Now comes Gandhi, who, although he has not discovered the whole secret of reforming Hindu institutions, has wrought a miracle in the way of social betterment. He has popularized a philosophy of individual responsibility in which the individual conscience holds the place of a social conscience. He makes the abolition of 'forbidden contact' the keystone of political freedom. The Gandhi movement is neither ethical nor metaphysical. It is a practical policy, based on the social and economic interests of the people and their sense of self-respect — things that every man can understand.

While social movements in other countries, except China, have usually assumed a sectarian form and fallen into the hands of a church or a party, and have compelled their followers to obey that church or that party, Gandhi believes that the individual is the ultimate social unit, that he must discipline and control himself and recognize no authority superior to himself. Gandhi has often said: 'A society or organization that owes its moral prestige and its material success to external force is an artificial excrescence that has no right to live.'

This theory, that the abolition of the caste system must be accomplished before the nation can emancipate itself, has already been widely accepted. Members of different castes have dined together. In certain instances they have even intermarried. That represents a revolution in the mind of the Hindu. We must remember that 'prohibited contact' and the prohibition of dining together exist even among the proletariat, where caste distinctions have seriously interfered with the growth of class consciousness. In Bombay and other industrial centres it is not uncommon for men who work at the same machine, but who belong to different castes, to refuse to sit at the same table or to eat in each other's presence.

Gandhi has preached everywhere in India that people should dine together, this being the first step toward abolishing class barriers. Last January, he wrote in *Amrita Bazar Patrika:* —

> Last evening, after the final session of the Congress, a great mass-meeting of the lower classes was held. More than fifty thousand persons belonging to every caste and every religious sect assembled together and seated themselves on the ground. They adopted the following resolution: That all Hindus should cease to observe caste distinctions; that the outcastes should lay aside their feeling of unworthiness and inferiority, and that they ought to enjoy the same social, political, and human rights that any other Hindu is entitled to enjoy in India. . . . After the meeting refreshments were served to caste Hindus, outcastes, and Mohammedans. They mingled together. Hindus and Mohammedans ate from the same dish.

So it is probable that the new Nationalist movement, aided by the economic burdens that weigh upon the proletariat, will eventually destroy

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these ancient caste-institutions; or else that the caste spirit will cease to be an impregnable fortress, and that Gandhi's millions of followers will finally form a caste by themselves. Hindu society has defeated the plans of reformers so often that the latter possibility must be considered. If a Bolshevist party should be formed in India, with, say, ten million members, it might become a new Hindu caste and lose itself completely in the vast, dusky sea of the Indian nation.

Gandhi has overthrown another barrier: the antagonism between the two great religions of India, Hinduism and Mohammedanism. While the Hindus have their hereditary caste-system, the Mohammedans consider all men absolutely equal and recognize no distinctions of birth. The Hindus, for both religious and economic reasons, consider the cow a sacred animal; but the Mohammedans eat beef. On the other hand, the religion of Mohammed forbids its followers to eat pork; but the Hindus eat pork. Hindus and Mohammedans do not intermarry; since Hindus cannot marry outside their castes there is all the more reason why they cannot marry outside their religion. The Mohammedans call the Hindus 'Kafirs,' or at least do not consider them 'men of the Scripture,' a category that includes only Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans. These social and religious differences, and, in the case of the Hindus, the memory they still retain of the Mohammedan invasion, have nourished a hereditary enmity between two hundred million Hindus and seventy million Mohammedans. England has done all she could to widen this gulf, even encouraging religious riots; and she has favored the minority, that is the Mohammedans, against the Hindus.

To the despair of the British Government, this hostility is dying out. Two things have contributed to a cordial understanding between the two factions: first, the dismemberment of Turkey and the occupation of the holy places of Islam by British troops, which have aroused every Mohammedan in India against the English and convinced him that only the destruction of the British Empire will save his religion; and second, the diplomacy of the Hindu leaders, particularly Mahatma Gandhi, who have helped their Mohammedan compatriots to defend their religion against the British Empire. To-day the two confessions are a unit in their resistance to alien rule.

The social effects of this new state of mind are already apparent. Mohammedan leaders have published a proclamation forbidding the slaughter of cows, copying the edict of the Emir of Afghanistan, when he declared war against England in 1919. Followers of the two religions are showing each other more consideration; and Mohammedan religious leaders are beginning to include the Hindus among the 'men of the Scripture,' in order that marriages between Hindus and Mohammedans may have religious validity.

Europeans may find it hard to understand the importance of Gandhi's doctrine of a 'return to the spinning-wheel.' For many decades raw cotton has been one of the most important exports of India. It has supplied the spinning-mills of Lancashire. India was compelled to buy back at a high price, in the form of thread and cloth, the raw cotton she raised. Gandhi has advocated a boycott on English goods, particularly textiles. But the people must have clothing. Under these circumstances they must either import cotton machinery and have it operated by their own capitalists, or they must return to the spinning-wheel; that is, they must spin and weave in their homes the cloth they use. The first

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remedy, to import modern machinery from abroad, would encourage the exploitation of Hindu workers by their own capitalists; but a return to the spinning-wheel emancipates the workers economically and preserves them from the evils of Western industrialism. The *charkha*, or national spinning-wheel, is used more and more with every day that passes. The result is already appreciable; exports of British cloth to India have fallen off more than one fourth. In all parts of the country, imported fabrics have been burned by mobs; and men of every caste are wearing *khaddar*, or coarse homespun, which is the best that the people can make at present. Many wealthy men have abandoned their fortunes and their homes and gone willingly to prison. This is typical of the movement at present. In Europe the proletariat is ambitious to enjoy the material comforts of the bourgeoisie. In India the intellectuals of the upper and middle classes have adopted the simple life of the poor; the best of the intellectuals have voluntarily sacrificed their privileges and wealth, and have no home to-day but their prison.

The movement to encourage homespun industries has ended the migration of workers from the land to the industrial cities, and has given them a new employment in their villages.

For the first time in the history of India, women have begun to play a rôle in public life. Thousands of Hindu women are laboring to promote home industries. They participate in conferences and congresses. They enroll as volunteers in illegal societies, and they, too, have been put in prison.

Fifteen thousand women attended the Congress held in December 1921, at Ahmedabad, where a Mohammedan woman was elected president of the women's section. Gandhi himself admitted that many of these women did not yet understand the full meaning of the struggle in which they were engaged; but they knew that they were needed, and that all India was striving to throw off British rule. The committees appointed by the Congress contained women members as well as members of castes hitherto despised.

Gandhi thus explains his idea of the part women are to play in the present struggle: 'Women likewise should be ready to go to prison. It is a matter of gratification that three women in Calcutta have already led the way.'

Women must serve in the firing line; they must fill the ranks when the men fall. Gandhi has appealed to his followers not to prevent women from performing their duty, but to bear in mind that the heritage of centuries of enforced ignorance and seclusion will prevent many of them from taking an active part.

> We have told the English Government not to spare women and children. It certainly did not spare them in the Punjab during the state of siege. . . . If we men are ready to permit our sisters to enter battle with us, we must admit that the Government can imprison them the same as it does us men. It would be cowardly to hurl a challenge at our enemy, and then to abuse that enemy for accepting our challenge.

So Gandhi advises the women to organize and to enlist in the illegal Volunteer Association. The women's section of the National Congress has adopted a resolution to this effect.

Perhaps one of the most significant features of the present agitation, especially in view of its future possibilities, is the formation of organizations among workingmen, under the encouragement of political leaders. Until Gandhi took hold of it, the Nationalist movement was confined to the middle classes and had not touched the common people. The Nationalist congresses opposed the English Govern-

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ment but feebly and used English in their proceedings, so that the authorities followed their debates with ease. Since Gandhi proclaimed his programme of non-coöperation, of organizing the masses, of boycotting British goods and returning to the spinning-wheel, Nationalism has spread rapidly among the masses and its vehicle of agitation has been the native tongue. The leaders realize that a political revolution is impossible unless it carries with it the moral and material elevation of the common people. Therefore they have organized industrial and rural workers and instructed them in the programme of the Congress. Political leaders have formed trade unions in the big manufacturing centres, and most of the strikes of which we are hearing are really revolts against English rule. In truth, the proletariat is still far from class-consciousness, and its members respond readily to a summons to fight a foreign despotism, though it comes from the bourgeoisie and the intellectuals.

Two opposing forces are manifesting themselves in the present labor movement. Young men returning from England wish to organize the workers along trade-union lines. Another group of leaders, deriving its inspiration exclusively from native ideals, advocates an anarchist-communist scheme of organization. The first would centralize the labor movement; the second would decentralize it.

Gandhi has wavered between these two tendencies: as a trained lawyer he is attracted by English constitutional precedents; as a Hindu he is inclined to solve political and social problems by means that appeal directly to the individual rather than to an organized group. The first tendency has proved most baneful in his case, and threatens his leadership in the struggle with British imperialism. For Gandhi is always ready to make concessions and compromises; but when he deals with an enemy as shrewd and as experienced as the English, he proves wanting. That is where his successes, if any, are likely to be transitory. On the other hand, wherever he has based his programme upon the Hindu philosophy and temperament, his influence marks an epoch in the social evolution of his country. It is only from the latter source that the masses of the people will draw new life and inspiration.

India, in striking contrast with Europe, has always attached more importance to her social structure than to her political structure. It is a curious fact that even her complicated caste-system possesses nothing corresponding to popes and cardinals and conclaves and congresses. Each individual applies the rules of his caste or his religion for himself; he obeys an abstract idea and not a human authority seated above him.

Now it is precisely this method of self-government and social reconstruction that Gandhi seeks to apply to India. The success of his movement will depend in the future on the constancy and consistency with which he clings to this principle of attaining lofty social and national objectives by perfecting the individual. It is fairly safe to predict that Gandhi will fail as a politician, but that his doctrine will be an important milepost in the social revolution that is now in progress in India.

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A PLEA FOR THE STRENUOUS LIFE

BY MAKSIM GOR'KII

[We print below two essays from the collection by Gor'kii, just published in Europe, which we mention in our book list. The first is from the Liberal Frankfurter Zeitung *of February 25; the second from a Socialist-Chauvinist weekly,* Die Glocke, *of February 20.]*

I. FOOLS AND ROBBERS

A FAVORITE character in Russian folklore is Ivanushka the Fool. He is represented as a man who bears all the buffeting and injustice of life with patience, and comes out best in the end, not because he is wise or bold or enterprising, but because he is humble and submissive. In the stories his unassuming meekness is always rewarded with wealth, happiness, a wise and beautiful wife, and even a royal throne; while in real life — Well, we all know from our own experience how real life treats that kind of people.

The folklore of the Latin and Germanic races either represents the fool as a man on his guard, a man who pretends to be a fool for the purpose of self-defense, or treats him with irony, sarcasm, and contempt.

With us Russians the fool is 'a fool to the point of holiness.' If we make fun of him, we do so gently and tenderly, and often with a sentiment of pity that verges on sadness; and we are constantly brought to a halt by a tender yearning to make the fool happy.

In our folklore the fool always profits by the strength of his neighbor, not through getting the better of that strength, but by persuading it to serve him. The powerful help the weak and foolish out of pity for their folly. At the service of the fool stand the 'gray-brown, dark-fox-colored, oracle-speaking horse,' the 'little crooked horse,' the 'frog queen,' and the 'supernaturally white Vassilissa.' Meanwhile the fool does nothing personally to extricate himself from the difficult situations into which his folly repeatedly plunges him — unless it be to weep bitter tears and lament his blunders. He is a temperamentally weak being, always depending upon chance or some special dispensation of Providence to save him; invariably awaiting help from without, and indifferent whence it comes, though it be from the very anti-Christ. But in the end his patient, long-suffering folly is invariably rewarded with a carefree life. And this is the important point; for right here we put our finger upon the social lesson which our folklore concerning the fool teaches.

Man is represented as surviving all the evils that beset him, although he does not himself conquer his misfortunes, and although he merely circumvents obstacles instead of removing them. His posterity will encounter the same difficulties and disasters that he has encountered, and, like him, they will rest their hope in the help of the 'gray-brown horse.' Ivanushka the Fool is an invention of the peasants, whose lives are passed in constant dependence upon the forces of nature; he is an invention of the common people, the fruit of whose labors is invisible because it is consumed and vanishes with every passing season. The peasant toils incessantly, but he creates nothing permanent; and for this reason he has

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no just pride in the product of his labor. His folklore leads him out of this unhappy reality into another world — into a new reality of the imagination, impersonated in the happy fate of the fool, as symbolized in the ultimate good fortune of Ivanushka.

A popular proverb says: 'The fool is lucky.' Another proverb, with a suggestion of envy in it, says: 'Stupid as a bumble-bug, happy as a hog.' Still another peasant proverb runs: 'The fool lives not by his toil, but by his luck.'

Most townspeople live under conditions that give them an entirely different attitude toward Ivanushka the Fool. In the city a man sees all about him evidence of the marvelous conquests of mind over the forces of nature; he sees these triumphs embodied in palaces, churches, and monuments, that incorporate the genius and the labor of men crystallized throughout the centuries in stone and metal. The city is a poem of labor, a poem written in visible things. The environment of the city man reminds him constantly of his universality, of his all-comprehending power; it tends to inspire him with respect for himself, with trust in the might of his intellect, with love for unremitting labor.

Literature is likewise for the most part a product of the city, although our Russian literature occupies itself relatively little with town society. Most of our writers have written about the country and country life. That may be because our written literature, as well as our oral folklore, also chooses for its hero, for its typical character, Ivanushka the Fool.

Platon Karatayev, one of the most successful, perhaps the most successful 'good' Russian hero in fiction, is but Ivanushka the Fool under another mask. So is that pious world-reformer, Akim, the 'gilder.' He rejects with the contempt of a just man all city culture. The searching irony of the villager pervades Akim's whole character — an irony, the profoundly reactionary purport of which we do not adequately realize; for the active purpose of the folklore that has been handed down to us by word of mouth is to create a 'good' man, a man who has 'a heart,' a 'fair and just' man, in the midst of the horde of evil men and of the evil surroundings that encompass him. Dostoevskii's Alyosa Karamasov, like Platon Karatayev and Akim, is also endowed with the typical qualities of the national hero; he, too, 'lives for the day.' He, too, is a helpless person; and, like Ivanushka, he accepts submissively all the insults and misfortunes that unkindly fate showers upon him. Dostoevskii made a still more determined and happier attempt to develop Ivanushka the Fool into a literary type in his work, *The Idiots*.

R. S. Lyeskov, one of our greatest geniuses, a man who is not yet appreciated at his true worth, but who possessed a marvelous knowledge of Russian life and a marvelous command of the Russian tongue, devoted the best efforts of his literary career to the same kind of prestidigitation — to an effort to build an immortal monument from this friable material. He devoted all his genius and power to creating characters clear as crystal, taken from every rank of society, who expressed this idea of a 'just' fool among sinners. . . .

All Russian literature portrays to us, in its efforts to create a permanent native type, men of weak will, incapable of energetic action. Although energetic, strong-willed Russians present themselves occasionally in real life, either they are not described at all in our literature, or they are dragged in deformed as evil geniuses. The really worthwhile and efficient man, who fights valiantly and obstinately to gain social or personal ends, is either entirely

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lacking in Russian literature or figures there as an avaricious villain.

None the less, our writers have from the beginning hunted zealously for just and good characters. That pursuit leads them into an odd byway. Wherever our poets and story-writers revolt against the idea of making their good characters helpless idiots, they make them foreigners. Gontscharov represents his model hero as an industrious German, Gogol as a Greek, Turgenev as a Bulgar, Lyeskov as a Swiss; and strange as it may appear, that cool-headed fanatic, Constantine Leontyev, ranks Von Optino, his 'orthodox German Suderheim,' above all the sages of the desert.

We need the man of 'righteous conduct,' the man with the 'heart of gold.' We seek him with zeal, but we do not find him; so we take for our model the folklore hero, Ivanushka the Fool, who 'lives for the day.' We never conceive a man of positive, energetic, and yet righteous character as one of ourselves. If we do conceive such a man, we at once either suspect his motives or hate and malign him; in our own hearts we are afraid of him.

I might also add that the fool is a very useful character — especially for a down-trodden nation, struggling to assert itself.

However, we Russians do not lavish our affection upon Ivanushka the Fool alone. We also love with wonderful devotion both the poor in spirit and repentant robbers.

Western Europe knows nothing whatever of our conception, 'a pious simpleton pleasing to God'; at least, not in the form familiar to us Russians. St. Francis of Assisi and Vassilissa the Blessed have nothing whatever in common. The 'saintly conjurer' of Catholic legend is a man who brings the Madonna a gift wrought by the art of which he is a master; he brings her his gift without humiliating himself; his love is a joyful love. But Panfalon, the pious simpleton, as Lyeskov portrays him, exhibits himself before the people in the humiliating rôle of a man essentially mean in both station and spirit — a mountebank.

Russia's pious simpleton serves his God with fear. His love is darkened with tribulation and dread. He conducts himself as if he were proud in his heart of his own debasement, and anxious to say before God and men: 'Behold, O Thou, my Lord, how I torture and debase myself to serve Thy glory! Behold, O my fellow men, how I crucify myself for your salvation! Do you behold this?'

'Joy of the righteous in God' is in Russia the joy of the great martyrs who scourge themseves until they become unconscious and glory in their suffering, believing that through this self-inflicted torment they purchase eternal salvation.

In his literary form, this pious simpleton as we meet him in everyday life bears some resemblance to Ivanushka the Fool; but he suggests more the characters of Karamasov, Opiskin, or even Araktscheyev, the 'genuine ignorant Russian nobleman.' All of these — Araktscheyev, Ivan the Terrible, the Saltytschicha, Opiskin, Karamasov, and Dostoevskii himself — derived a peculiar sensation of pleasure from self-inflicted pain and suffering. Psychopaths apply to this sentiment the name 'sadism.'

Here, as elsewhere, demand creates supply; where men voluntarily torture themselves upon the rack, the rack is constantly convenient. The Russian loves to suffer.

Of course, the pious simpleton is nevertheless a more vigorous character than the fool; sometimes he protests and unmasks a villain, although he is obviously somewhat out of character in

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such performances. The pious simpleton lives in dirt and hunger in the midst of well-fed and externally clean society. But his cynicism is not that of Diogenes, of a man who comprehends the tragedy of life and realizes the injustice that the world inflicts on men. No, his cynicism is merely that of a wild animal, incapable of comprehending the significance of life and the loftiness of human nature.

We keep recurring to the pious simpleton in our search for a righteous man. Men like Selivanov and Rasputin become prominent in Russia because we are ever intent upon this peculiar quest. The life of the pious simpleton is a stupid and malicious negation of what life should be; and, beyond question, it is this negation that lends him the reputation of a righteous man. We are seeking a man who is better than ourselves, and we regard the pious simpleton as better merely because he lives under worse conditions than we do. That satisfies us to a degree.

Last of all, we Russians are peculiarly fond of the repentant robber. This robber is represented as a horrible, cruel, pitiless man; but suddenly some higher impulse, a moment of weariness with his wretched life, takes possession of him and he says: —

> Fighting and robbing filled my youth,
> Blood I shed without stint;
> But now old age approaches —
> I must think of saving my soul.

The Russian robber likewise is a man without strength of will, without self-confidence; and doubtless his cruelty is explained by his defects. He sets out to do much and accomplishes little. It is as if he were constantly asking himself: 'What would happen if I did that?'

But our folklore and legends delight in robbers only after their career of crime is over, after they have repented of their sins and are taking thought of saving their souls.

The fool, the pious simpleton, and the repentant sinner — these are the three characters that almost monopolize our folklore and our literature. It is easiest for us to conceive a good man as a suffering fool, or a pious simpleton, or a sinner who inevitably and necessarily must repent of his sins; for we can conceive a good man only in our own image, only as a person resembling ourselves. That is the whole story.

And have you paused to think for what purpose we eventually employ a good man? Never to delight in him, to regard him proudly as our own creation; never to help him realize his ideals and aspirations — never! We use the righteous man as a scapegoat upon whom we can unload the whole burden of responsibility for our mental and moral indolence and remissness, a scapegoat to carry our personal and social sins into the wilderness.

We are not conscious of personal responsibility for the degradation and fecklessness of our lives. We ascribe the rabble that we have brought forth in this world to the bureaucracy, to the police, to the intellectual classes, to our literature, to the vast extent of our country, or to lack of transportation; we attribute that rabble to a thousand things, but never to ourselves. We stake all our hope upon Nicholas the Benevolent, upon 'Mr. Perhaps,' upon the Allies, upon the army, upon Milyukov, upon Gutschkov, upon the saints, upon the prophets, or upon the heretics — upon anything in the world except ourselves.

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II. EMANCIPATION FROM THE ORIENT

A CATASTROPHE, such as the world has never before known, has shattered and crushed the very nations of Europe that have accomplished most to liberate the human mind from the sad heritage left it by the imagination of the ancient East — a heritage that has weighed like lead upon the reason and the will of man; a heritage of mysticism, superstition, pessimism, anarchy, and kindred things, that breed like musty fungus wherever men lose faith in life.

We know that among the peoples of the East sentiment and feeling outbalance reason and judgment. They rate speculation above analysis, and exalt mystical dogmas above scientific hypotheses. The European guides and masters his thoughts. The man of the East is the slave and servant of his fancy. He is still the man of antiquity, a founder of religions and spinner of obscure metaphysics. He feels, but he does not investigate; and he possesses almost no faculty for systematizing and organizing his experiences in scientific form.

So the man of the East, apprehending the power of natural forces by feeling alone, and making them only subjects for speculation, ends by deifying them, by submitting to them without resistance, and by serving them as he would something exalted and divine. In contrast to him, the man of the West, thanks to his science, masters the forces of nature, subdues them to his will, and makes them serve his interests and his reason.

The function of European science, therefore, is to study the forces of nature and to utilize them in the service of mankind; to free the individual from the grip of dogma, superstition, prejudice, and voluntary servitude; and to transform man's liberated physical energy into dynamic mental power.

This function of science in our European civilization is incomprehensible for the East. Not until late in the last century did the more alert minds of Asia begin to profit by Europe's scientific progress, and to adopt her ways of thinking and her modes of action.

The East, seeking to direct her excited emotionalism into a definite channel, invented asceticism, monastic institutions, hermit discipline, and other devices for fleeing and denying the world. Narcotics, like opium, that unnaturally dull the nerves, come to us from India. To the enervated but morbidly sensitive man of the East, an earthquake is an illusion, but life after death is so vivid and real that he devotes his whole life to preparing for the repose of paradise. Thus the hermits of the Thebais interpreted life; thus the Indian ascetics and mystics interpret it.

From the Orient we receive cults that seek to prevent perpetuation of the race, anarchist 'flight from life,' pilgrimages that repudiate all social and political organization. Religious intolerance, fanaticism, frenzies of faith, are products of Oriental exaltation; and though most Western nations have been inoculated with their virus, they are not typical of Western civilization. Any healthy man may become a leper; but leprosy is, none the less, a disease of the Orient.

Positive labor is the characteristic ideal of Europe. This reveals itself in our whole attitude toward life, and in a civilization founded upon research and labor, not upon suggestion and dogma.

The man of the East looks forward to eternal bliss and eternal repose in a sphere of fancy, beyond the boundaries of the physical. The European seeks durable happiness here below; the goal of European civilization is to extend

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itself over the globe, to inculcate its methods and ideas in all mankind. Europe's solution of life is equality and freedom, based upon investigation, exact knowledge, and productive toil.

Soddi, famous for his researches in radioactivity, has summarized the present state of European science in these words: —

> We are fully justified in our faith that man will eventually be able to employ in his service elementary sources of energy that nature still jealously hides from him. The progress of physics has brought us to a turning-point in the advance of civlization. We are making the first steps upward; we are on the lowest rungs of a ladder that reaches the skies. Athough we cannot pierce the veil of the future, all evidence points to our eventual mastery over nature. The possibility of a new order, under conditions of existence better than we now dare predict, is no mere comfort of empty words, no consolation from another world; these are attainments within our grasp here below. We shall have to battle for them; we shall have to wrench them by main force from the jealous hands of nature, just as we have won our victories in the past. They will be a product of our common labor, of that coöperative and correlated effort that reaches far beyond what single individuals can accomplish.

That is the battle cry of the European, strong in the creative power of his will and his reason.

Lao-tse, the Chinese sage, taught: 'The only thing I fear is the man of action. The whole world should dissuade the doer. If all men would but cease to act, then perfect peace would reign on earth.'

Here yawns a chasm that can never be spanned between Orient and Occident. This peculiar quality of thought in the Oriental, born of despair and self-surrender, is the principal cause of the stagnant civilization of Asiatic countries. This suppression of the personality, this distrust of reason and will, this lack of faith in one's own power, explains the hopeless political and economic chaos of the East. For thousands of years the average Oriental has not been a man of this world.

To be sure, there is some activity even in the East, but it is not self-directed and spontaneous. It is no more than a concession to the stern dictates of necessity. The Oriental does not know the pleasure that comes from productive toil. He is blind to its poetry. The pathos of labor does not enter his consciousness.

On the other hand, the people of the West long since reached a stage of evolution where they understand the universal law of labor. For them action is the only thing powerful enough to liberate mankind from the chains of tradition, from the yoke of a natural environment that inhibits the free mental development of the individual. In the West, labor expresses the collective will of mankind — determination to create conditions that will enable men constantly to widen their conquest over nature, and to subdue nature's forces to the will and service of mankind.

Let me point out that in drawing this antithesis between the East and the West I do not assume peculiarities of race that create insurmountable differences between Mongols and Aryans, or Aryans and Semites. No, my faith in reason, analytical research, and labor is too strong for me to regard mere transitory varieties as eternal types. The Semites, for example, are an Oriental people, but who would deny their remarkable contributions to European civilization? Who would question their creative power, their love for productive labor?

I am contrasting only two attitudes toward the world, two habits of thought, two souls. Their underlying motive is the same: seeking for happi-

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ness, for self-perfection, for spiritual freedom. But in consequence of a great number of complicated causes, most of the human race has not yet freed itself from its ancient fear of the mysteries of nature, has not yet learned to recognize the power of its own will, does not yet feel that it is mistress of its planet, has not yet comprehended the possibilities of vital, positive labor which is the beginning of all beginnings.

Unquestionably, physical environment has influenced the people of the Orient since earliest days. Its effect has been to suppress the personality and the will. But in the end, man's attitude toward productive labor is what gives him his place in civilization and determines his value to the world.

EURIPIDES FOR TO-DAY

BY J. B. CHAPMAN

From *To-Day, March*
(LITERARY QUARTERLY)

WITH Euripides, the son of Mnesarchus from the Attic deme of Phyle, there are few readers of *To-Day* who have not at least one point in common; for Euripides was a lover of books, the first, indeed, of whom ancient records tell, and the library which he collected was a constant source of inspiration and of comfort to him. To this claim for admission into good-fellowship let it be added that the poet's whole life was spent in pursuit of the golden mean, that in him the poor and oppressed found an ever-ready champion, and that the middle classes are boldly claimed by him to be the best part of the community and the salvation of a State.

The first fifty years of the life of Euripides were coincident with the most brilliant age of Athenian history, for tradition persists in placing his birth

> even on that day when Light
> Wrestled with Darkness there at Salamis,
> And the world trembled in the gulf of fears,
> While God unseen held up the balances.

Like Pericles and Socrates and other bright spirits of the time, Euripides early came under the influence of Anaxagoras, whose pioneer work in science and philosophy did so much to enkindle that extraordinary blaze of spiritual life in which ancient Athens stands illumined amid the pagan darkness of her contemporaries. The studies of Anaxagoras led him to conclude that the change from chaos to cosmos in all things is the work of a conscious Power which is outside of, and forms no part of, the mass upon which it operates. This power he called *Nous* or Intelligence, and its subsequent deification by himself or his disciples swelled the stream of monotheistic belief which had begun to flow among the intellectuals of Athens, even from the beginning of that wonderful century.

Euripides, however, was not much concerned with the single or multiple nature of the unknown forces which make or mar the life of man. 'God' or 'the Gods' come indifferently from his

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pen; but despite many instances which cause him to doubt, he maintains deep in his heart a belief in some great and guiding Power. To Euripides, life is the same enigma as it is to thinkers of every age; the solution is beyond him; the solution, indeed, can come only when this life of ours is merged into what he calls 'that other form of life,' to which man has given a strange and sinister name.

> Who knoweth if the thing that we call Death
> Be Life, and our Life dying who knoweth?
> Save only that all we beneath the sun
> Are sick and suffering, and those foregone
> Not sick, nor touched with evil any more.

Euripides was nearly thirty years of age before a play of his was even accepted for production on the Athenian stage, and he was forty-three before the first prize fell to his lot. In fact, in all the fifty years of his literary activity, only five times was the leading prize awarded to him. Now, as the good burghers who were chosen each year to allocate the dramatic laurels at the festival of Dionysus must have represented with fair accuracy the opinion of their contemporaries, no further evidence than the record just given is required to indicate the unpopularity of Euripides as a playwright. One reason for his eclipse, no doubt, was that he had a life-long opponent in Sophocles, whose artistic perfection itself may have caused the younger dramatist to divagate from the traditional highway of Tragedy.

But the non-success of Euripides, comparatively speaking, is due not so much to the brilliance of his rivals as to the temperament of the man himself. The character of 'sad Electra's poet' has been dissected by scores of critics from the time of Aristotle onward, and numerous indeed are the epithets that have been coupled with his name. In the case of people who lay no claim to education, it may be pardonable to place a label, so to speak, upon the unknown and to dismiss all further thought of it from the mind. But a phenomenon named is not necessarily a phenomenon understood, and this statement is none the less true when the phenomenon in question is a genius among men. It is curious, therefore, to find so many students of the Drama, ripe scholars most of them, endeavoring to satisfy themselves or their readers by attaching a label to a writer like Euripides. Casuist, misogynist, cynic, misanthrope, sentimentalist, mystic, realist, and rationalist are some of the inscriptions which those labels bear; and there is an element of justification for nearly every one of them, but certainly not for atheist or botcher, despite the authority of Aristophanes or of Swinburne. The mere enumeration of the foregoing epithets at once suggests that the poet was a man of so many sides, a writer of such varied attainments, that these cannot be dismissed under the brevity of any one label.

By nature Euripides was sensitive and reserved, and like most Intellectuals he was ahead of his times. Herein lies the explanation of his contemporary unpopularity and also of his posthumous fame. In democratic Athens, one sure road to favor was a mastery of the art of rhetoric. This art Euripides studied, but not to practise. He would have nothing in common with the demagogues who latterly led his city to its doom. Indeed, no one, not even Socrates himself, was more outspoken than Euripides in denouncing the glib talkers of his day.

Upon his plays, however, the persuasive art had a marked effect; and although his set speeches with their carefully balanced arguments appear sometimes rather out of place upon the stage, the dramas of Euripides in later times provided an inexhaustible supply of those 'brief sententious precepts'

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by means of which, as Milton asserts, moral prudence can best be taught. Against the seven plays of Aeschylus and the seven of Sophocles which posterity took the trouble to preserve, no fewer than nineteen complete plays of Euripides and many fragments have come down to us.

On the traditional mould of the Greek Drama, designed by Aeschylus and perfected by the genius of Sophocles, the third of the great tragedians made little formal change. True, he put the Prologue to a more definite use than his predecessors had done, gave to the choral ode the nature of a musical interlude rather than of an integral part of the play, and showed a preference for endings with a *deus ex machina* in control; but within the tragic mould Euripides set at work forces which were destined to shatter it for all time. The grandeur of Aeschylus and the idealism of Sophocles were succeeded in Euripides by a realism the influence of which may be traced through the New Comedy of Greece and its Roman derivatives, through the Renaissance literature of France and of England, down to the stage plays of to-day. The realism of Euripides in character-drawing and the romantic element which he introduced into his later plays are the progenitors of the problem play and of modern melodrama.

The curious and ironic history of the poet is well illustrated by his drama, *Medea*, first staged in the spring of 431 B.C. The three competitors to whom in that year a chorus was granted were Euphorion, Sophocles, and Euripides, and the compositions submitted by them were ultimately placed by the judges in the order in which the poets have been named. But while not even the titles survive of the plays which then brought fame to the son of Aeschylus and to Sophocles, the rejected work of Euripides has come down through the centuries as an accepted model of the Attic Drama at its best. Imitated by writers in every land to which Greek culture has penetrated, the play itself still maintains its primal vigor upon the stage of to-day, depicting as it does with unparalleled power the eternal tragedy of the 'woman scorned.'

The last years of Euripides were embittered by the protracted struggle between Athens and Sparta and by the gradual degeneration of his countrymen under the strain of war. The democracy of Athens, which had risen to greatness by following the advice of its best men, eventually became intolerant of superiority in any form, whether of breeding or intelligence; and in the end Euripides withdrew from its wrangling to seek peace, if not happiness, in the realm of Macedonia. In that land he composed his most wonderful work, the play to which — according to Macaulay — there is absolutely no equal in literature. *The Bacchae* was the swan-song of Euripides, and before it was produced upon the Athenian stage the aged poet had found an exile's grave: —

Happy he on the weary sea,
Who hath fled the tempest and won the haven;
Happy whoso hath risen free
Above his striving. For strangely graven
Is the orb of Life, that one and another
In gold or power may outpass his brother.
And men in their millions float and flow,
And seethe with a million hopes as leaven;
And they win their Will, or they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead, or are pined for still.
But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That *to live is happy*, hath found his Heaven.

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ATHENS: A CONTEMPORARY IMPRESSION

BY ALFONS PAQUET

From *Österreichische Rundschau, February*
(Vienna Political and Literary Monthly)

Our almost empty train skirts the shores of the Saronic Gulf. The sea is luminous in the evening afterglow. Fields and olive groves, sloping toward the sea, surround Megara, where we discern the ruins of an ancient city that, in the days of its greatness, was more famous than Athens, and the mother-town of the Greeks who founded Byzantium. In the remote distance the stumplike hill of Acrocorinthus rises, sharply outlined against the glow of the western sky. Next comes the little railway station of Eleusis, shaded by plane trees and surrounded by factory chimneys. On our right appears Eleusis Bay, cut off by Salamis from the Ægean Sea, so that it looks like an inland lake. Turning from the coast, through a passage in the hills, the line makes a short detour, and soon we are crossing the plains immediately in front of the city. They already lie gray and formless in the early dusk.

Our train stops in a dark, deserted suburb. No one is waiting for our arrival. It is the last day of the carnival and of a celebration in honor of the royal family, and the people are in the centre of the city attending the festivities. There I find the streets packed with a dense crowd of merrymakers. Blue and white streamers canopy the streets; blue and white lights glitter in every direction. Palm fronds are waving here and there like the pinions of great birds. We drive past the brilliant show-windows of confectionery shops, flower shops, cafés, and tobacco shops, through a gesticulating, chattering mob, swaying hither and thither every few moments to let an automobile pass through. A chill wind drives dust and confetti along the marble tiles of the streets, and little by little disperses the evening throng. Thousands of pennants and banners flutter from the flagstaffs; garlands of white and red paper-roses sway and rustle. Groups of dancers break up. A man in a mask flees down the street pursued by a shrieking crowd of merry children. Close behind him hops another man in woman's garb, a great doll swinging and swaying on his back. At the hotel I retire to my room and regard from the open window the unclouded firmament. A white, shining cliff rises in the distance like a huge anvil. It is the brightly illumined Acropolis.

However, catching the restless contagion of the festal evening, I am soon out again upon the avenues. Brilliant show-windows and lighted signs border them, although, even at this early hour, scarcely a person remains abroad. The bannerets fluttering on the triumphal arches, the white crosses on blue fields, and the little black and white heart-shaped shields everywhere displayed, — recalling the Knights of Malta, the Hohenzollerns, and the Knights Templars, — suddenly impress me as cosmic symbols.

At the end of a street, half-concealed by the higher ground around, crouch two little churches, the last remnants of mediæval Athens. Their Byzantine walls, well toward two thousand years old, are covered with antique and early

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Christian carvings. What a contrast with Rome, these little, half-buried, flesh-colored churches, lurking as if half ashamed in the midst of the unearthly, white, deserted city!

Lycabettus looms above, sharply outlined and glowing with illuminated inscriptions, towering high over the deserted square and the silent old castle. I hear an intoxicated man singing hoarsely in the distance. Long after I have retired, I am awakened by a group of singers and flute-players passing in the street below. For a long time I hear their shrill but beautiful voices caroling a popular air, until at length the melody dies away in the distance.

The major-domo of my hotel is a little man with the white beard and shifty eyes of a croupier. At breakfast young Rumanian aviation-officers sit at my table. They wear black tunics, spotless linen, and gold braid and shoulder straps. A colonel in an English uniform is reading a cheap novel as he sips his tea. A party of black-haired French commercial travelers loiter over their breakfast with the dignity of diplomats. Levantine ladies with greasy, green complexions and the brilliant eyes of arsenic-eaters chatter like parrots. The butter tastes of tallow, the honey of the thyme plants of Hymettus, the bread of American grain elevators. Behind the thin partitions I hear the laughter and wrangling in the kitchen.

In a bookshop I chance upon some delightful little pictures, reproductions from the eighteenth century, when artists first began to take an interest in Greece. They portray human figures symbolizing its different provinces. Athens is represented by a Greek woman of high rank, wearing large flowers in her black hair, an embroidered cap, and a gown of Syrian silk. She lies on a divan, her feet drawn up and her slippers on the floor in front of her. In the background is the roof of the Parthenon with a stork on the ridge, and beyond a minaret and the tops of a palm tree and a cypress.

That dreamy Athens of the old East has vanished. Twenty years ago this was still a little provincial town. But after the Balkan Wars, when captured Turkish pashas were dwelling in the villas of Kephisia, the last traces of that earlier period had already vanished. I used to visit that charming little suburb in the midst of the Attic heaths, where white country houses stand hidden in shady gardens, and piano music is always to be heard through the open windows. I ask myself, where now are the charming sisters who used to take me down a long alley of silver poplars and across plains smoky with shepherds' fires, to the foot of Pentelikon? They were girls educated in Swiss boarding-schools, daughters of a wealthy Phanariot: gentle Helena with her classic beauty, and the merry, witty Clytemnestra. They thought the Swiss meadows too green and taught me to love the paler green of the Attic heaths. They showed me in their mother's drawing-room kodak pictures of the Balkan War, gray snapshots of artillery, devastated villages, white hospitals, and the king in a peasant cottage near Strumitsa. They gave me a bouquet of red chrysanthemums when I left, and I still recall how the petals fell from the luggage net of the railway car upon the shoulders of a genial old Greek lady who sat opposite me.

The Athens of to-day is spreading with metropolitan ambition along suburban highways, across dry watercourses, and over farms and sheep pastures. Kolonos is now only a height where foreign tourists go to admire the sunset. Old and new Phaleron remind one of Tsingtau, and

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famous Eleusis has degenerated into a smoky, industrial suburb. Athens's straight, modern avenues are a parquetry of white marble; and the buildings that border them retain a trace of classic feeling. The residential quarters, with their monotonous façades, the bazaars, the passages, the flower-filled gardens, the balconies half-hidden in the tender foliage of mimosas and pepper trees, more truly represent the life that every morning changes the inner town into a city, and gives it the aspect of a capital. In the very centre lies the famous park between the two palaces. Automobiles, with footmen on the seats and coats-of-arms upon the door-panels, glide hither and thither in all directions. Red-uniformed attendants stand in front of the cinema theatres at the foot of the Acropolis. Your modern Athenian crowds into a narrow room with galleries every afternoon, to see waterfalls in the virgin forest of Laos, and naked natives piloting Europeans through the rapids.

The foundations of ancient Athens are buried under the narrow streets in front of the Acropolis; a grove of pine grows in the ancient market place; and an iron fence surrounds the gullied Pnyx. Foreign tourists meditate with dreamy countenances on the cliffs of the Areopagus, climb the marble bastions of the castle, and ponder on the prophecy that the glory of Athens will never be extinguished and that every race still aspires to emulate the little nation that Pericles governed. Here and there a cypress rises like a slender black flame above the city, that lies, spread out like a white garment, at the very foot of the little brown tableland. Here and there a low tower rears itself above the surrounding buildings. The roofs look as though they were woven of coarse woolen yarn. They are almost perfectly flat, unrelieved by gables or openings. Scattered over the neighboring country, like dice thrown hither and thither at random, are big, white buildings. In every street a gramophone is playing music-hall airs and barrack-room medleys familiar to all the world. The rattle of tramways, the chimes from the church towers, the chugging of automobiles, and the hum of daily labor, rise from the city below to the height from which I survey this history-saturated landscape. With these modern sounds are mingled the twittering of swallows and the cackling of fowls, unchanged from ancient times.

The Hellas of to-day is a land of blue skies and dazzling white clouds, blue seas and white-combed billows, blue-tinted peasant cabins and white-marble façades, blue sailboats and white steamers, and tiny blue and white striped flags bearing a cross. Pericles possibly had a presentiment that the day would come when the Persians or some other powerful nation would conquer Greece; yet, while he governed that nation under its free institutions, he did not hesitate to spend its war treasure for immortal artistic masterpieces. He preferred mock battles to real battles; and on occasion he allowed this country's enemies to invade her territories, then forced them to retire by negotiations behind their back. His great experiment in healing war, the worst ill that afflicts mankind, almost succeeded. Through all the ages that followed, the masterpieces of his era protected Athens from destruction. And the Athenian democracy, conceived to-day as somewhat similar to a dictatorship of the proletariat, was in fact founded on slave labor, state monopolies, and bold trading-ventures.

I never saw smelters possessing so many associations with human history as the smelters at Laurion. The buildings lie enveloped in brown dust and steam, close to the foothills of the

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neighboring mountain. The railway thither runs close to the sea, through a sterile and thinly settled country. The town is small and dirty. On all sides I saw dusty men shoveling ore. The quiet of a hot afternoon brooded over mountains deformed by human excavations, whose summits were covered with oaks and scraggly pines.

An engineer took me to a high point in the village, where from the veranda of a peasant's cottage I had a view of the bright-blue sea between the trees. He told me that veins of silver lie out there under the water; those in the mountain proper were long ago exhausted. However, the employees still find in the ancient diggings the tools, clay lamps, and shackles of the slaves who toiled there in ancient days. The present company is working only the refuse the early miners threw away, smelting lead from the old-time slag. Fish would have to be used as miners to get the silver left to-day. In fact, the miners of antiquity would be almost as strange as fish to us moderns. They brought the ore up from the depths of the mountain on their backs; they hewed it out with iron wedges; we do not know how they smelted it.

The Greece of that age was still rich in natural resources. The Greece of to-day brings her treasures from Alexandria, Smyrna, Constantinople, and Odessa, and wherever her far-faring merchants trade. She has built a few schools, a museum, and a new stadium in Athens; but the main thing she has done is form a navy and a standing army. The people ask for progress and they are given war; and their wealth is consumed in profitless military adventures beyond their borders.

THE RICH RADICAL AND THE REACTIONARY PAUPER

BY S. PODYACHEV

From *Moscow Pravda, November 25*
(Official Bolshevist Daily)

Vasily Vasilich Truxin, former innkeeper and shopowner, was singeing a slaughtered pig in a ravine outside the village, and near him, not so much helping as hindering, was busied a poor peasant, Anizim Puzir, a short man with white eyebrows and lashes, dressed in some sort of woman's garment.

A little way off stood a horse hitched to a sledge, and in the sledge was Grishka, son of Vasily Vasilich, a lad of twelve who resembled his father in face and manner.

The air was still and mild. Slowly and silently flakes of snow were falling from the low gray clouds. It was morning. Over the village was smoke, for the peasants were just kindling their fires. Somewhere far away in the forest, down in the ravine, a bell was ringing; and the sound of this bell, lingering and sweet, broke gently and tenderly upon

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the surrounding silence of nature, imparting to it a specially intimate charm.

'There are straws, Vasily Vasilich, straws on its belly, and perhaps we shall have to scrape that place with a knife,' rattled on Puzir.

'Get away! Don't interfere!' shouted the perspiring Truxin, who was moving around the carcass of the pig with sleeves rolled up. 'Don't get under my feet! To the devil with that straw of yours! Do you think I would n't know what to do without your wonderful directions? Praise to God, in my life I have killed and singed probably more than a hundred pigs. Get away! You 're a teacher, too, do you think?'

'I try to teach you, Vasily Vasilich! How could I teach you? Excuse me! I want to help you, to serve you. It 's very sad for me to see you taking all this trouble. What times are these, eh? What have we come to, Lord God, eh? Such a person as you at this! And the way it used to be. You had two workmen. You did n't soil your hands. It used to be people did everything for you. And now, Lord, heavens above, it's terrible! People who are deserving, you may say, well-known pillars of their country, you may say, you see them singeing pigs. But is that all? The other day I was going past the priest's house and I saw him sitting on the roof — mending his own roof. I was horrified, yes, by God, and the hair on my head stood up! Such a person, only think of it, on the roof! His place is at the altar of God, in the church, not on the roof. Should this be allowed? Nowhere, in no countries of Europe is it as it is in Russia now — nothing like this. Vasily Vasilich, I think that soon all this will fall. What do you think?'

'Hold his leg over there, devil, fool! Philosopher, are there many hairs on a bald head?' shouted Truxin. 'You 've loosened your tongue — and you see it's longer than a cow's tail. Do you want to be shot?'

Puzir took hold of a hind leg of the pig, which was lying on its back, and holding it in both hands, continued: 'I understand, Vasily Vasilich, with whom I am talking. You know I will not talk to Tyelkin, to Vanka, to Communists. I understand politics very well. And it won't be long before everything goes back to the old order; and it seems to me that soon you, Vasily Vasilich, will again be raised to your high position as you were before. You 'll get back your inn and everything else. Then there will be again some place for the orthodox Christian to rest — to warm himself, to think things over, and to hear a kind word. We 're wild beasts and crazy so long as *they* govern us.'

'Stop, stop those cursed words! Get busy over there, you sheep! Now there 's an economic policy. But you don't understand anything — philosopher!'

'What 's that? Something new again? A decree? Again everything to be taken away from us? "Give, otherwise you 'll lose it"?'

'Silence! Do you want to be shot, I say?'

'Things won't get on their feet that way. Our life is worse than that of your pigs there, by God! You gave him enough to eat before you killed him, at least; but what about us?'

'We have to teach you, fools! You 're simpletons, devils! Good people do everything for you, and you don't understand what 's good and crawl into the noose. Well, why are you living? What have you got? You look at me — they stripped me of everything because I was a bourgeois, and knew how to skin you devils, to get money from you. The poor peasants, heavens above, stripped me. They confiscated my property, they took away my money, everything. And look at me — I 'm

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alive. You have to know how to do things. I lived before the revolution and I am living now, and I will go on living. The policy is now economic — all right, coöperation — all right. I would n't fail with any sort of a policy. Look what a pig I have. I knew how to feed it. And what have you?'

'Where could we get anything? How can we get pigs, if we are, as you may say, worse off than pigs? We are n't you.'

'What do you mean, "we are n't you"? Take a tighter hold, devil. You 've held yourself down, old woman. What more of a prick do you need? What 's the matter with life? It is n't life that 's bad, but you devils yourselves. What do you lack? Everything 's yours. Did you use to live better than you do now? It was all the same trouble — you did n't have anything. You can't wash a black dog white. Do you expect that I will do something for you when you yourself are idle? Are you counting on other people? I don't count on other people, I count on myself. And I live and will live. They took away from me everything, even the cross — and I did n't say anything. What of it? Take, and I 'll find something again. I am still a necessary person. And I did n't get angry. I praised them, called them fine fellows, comrades! They 've put all the riffraff to work. Work and you 'll eat, don't work and you won't. Fine! Do you remember how I lived, eh?'

'How could I help remembering? You had the most capital of anyone — an inn, a store, and all the rest.'

'And I lived in comfort. I knew how to get the kopeks. It used to be that what I wanted was mine. I did n't think of work. I did n't know how to use a plow. I did n't know how to handle a scythe, or how to load a cart. People used to do all that for me. But lately they knocked me down from that place, they stripped me, they humbled me, and showed me my place. And I thought to myself, "Stand up, Vaska! Get to work, if you want to live! Your easy days are gone." And I took hold and learned to plow and reap and lay a fire. I learned everything, brother, and now cutting up a pig does n't bother me. Now I 'm still living no worse off than other people. I am contented. I could n't be better off. That is why, brother, I am satisfied with the present order and respect the administration of Lenin Ilich. He has opened my eyes. He has taught me to live. He has showed me where a pig has his tail. You can live behind his back. He has the earth at work. He is carrying on his policy as far as he can. But his efforts are all for nothing because you fools hinder the thing. You stop for no reason at all, like an unruly horse. You have to soothe it and cajole it and spur it on, but it keeps drawing back until it throws you into the gutter. There is the road before you. But what is the use of talking to you? Give me your knife — throw me here that little stick! Oh, you with your talk, look what you 've done — you 've burst open the back of the neck! Oh, the devil take you! You only hinder. There 's one thing, if you don't do anything I won't give you a piece just for nothing. There 's an economic policy for you, brother. H-mm. Let me exchange it for grain.'

'You are joking, Vasily Vasilich. What grain have I got?'

'Oh, you sly devil. You 're also a free citizen. But you have n't anything, and won't have, because you are not a master but a workman. You never do anything by yourself. We always have to spur you on, show you, stick it in front of your nose, give you a cut with the whip, and say "take it, rascal!" You look at me. Here I am — look! I used to be a *kulak* (rich peasant), a bourgeois. They took everything away. They made away with capital. They

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thought: "He 's done for!" But now, here I am, again on my feet, and you, naked and hungry as you have been, so you 'll die. Ha, ha! Bite on that! Ho, ho, ho! Go to the devil! You 've tired me. Yes, by God, Grishka, bring the horse here. The job is done. Let 's go home and roast a piece of meat. Ho, ho, ho! Here I am — look at me — ho, ho, ho!'

ODD VOLUMES

BY Y. Y.

From the *New Statesman, February 25*
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

IT is a curious habit, the habit of collecting books. It is not necessarily the same thing as the habit of reading. Most of us who have bookshelves collect scores — perhaps, hundreds — of volumes that we shall never read. We keep them as a kind of store of knowledge. They are to us what money at the bank is to a financier. They are a second brain; and we feel that, if our own brain fails, we can call in the aid of these reserves on our shelves. To possess the *Encyclopædia Britannica* alone gives many men this confidence. Even the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, however, cannot allay the appetite of a man who has once become generally acquisitive of books. If anything, it sharpens his appetite. It teaches him of the existence of subjects of which he had probably never before heard, leading him from stereoisomerism to palæobotany.

I am, I suspect, a person with unusually small powers of resistance, and am more easily tempted by a subject of which I shall never know anything than most men would be in the same circumstances. How else can I explain the presence on my shelves of such books as *The Nāga Tribes of Manipur*, *The Mafulu Mountain People of New Guinea*, and *Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia?* It may be thought that I suffer from a suppressed wish to travel in wild places and, perhaps, to hunt tigers and rhinoceroses. I should be more inclined to consider this explanation if it were not that I can see, not far from these volumes, other volumes of such an entirely different character as *The A.B.C. of Collecting Old English Pottery*, *Heraldry for Amateurs*, and *The Child Welfare Movement.*

Then there are books about Greek sculpture, about ancient Egyptian religion, about Socialism, about birds, about gardening, about the French Revolution, about Shakespeare, about auction bridge, about poetry, about astronomy, about Ireland, about butterflies, about ideals, about Japanese prints, about the Bible, about books, about numismatics, about Bergson. There is no more reason in the collection than in the alphabet. I cannot explain how I came to make such a collection, unless it is that somewhere there is hidden in me a Faust with a desire for universal knowledge. It is as though I had said to myself, 'Some day — though not just now — I shall take down and read this book, *Astrology and*

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Religion Among the Greeks and Romans.' And so on, through a thousand volumes.

To have a shelf of such books is to enjoy a great deal of potential reading. It is for the pleasures of potential reading that I keep a copy of *The Confessions of St. Augustine* in the original Latin. It is still uncut, save for the first two pages; and I have no doubt I shall put off cutting the rest of it till some fine, idle, sunny afternoon in eternity. To possess a book of this kind is its own reward. Perhaps the book means even more to me on account of my not having read it. At present it is not an achievement, but a hope, a perpetual promise. After all, to have read a book is to have vulgarized it. It is to have exchanged Samarcand for Southend — the unknown for the known.

It is a strange fact that unread books go on accumulating for years, unchallenged and almost unnoticed, until one day either the walls begin to burst or one moves into another house. At such a crisis, one is amazed to find what very queer fish have contrived to squeeze themselves into places on the shelves. I was not surprised last week to see on my shelves a large book of nearly six hundred pages called *Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and of the Destiny of the Adamic Race.* Anyone might take home a book like that to find out what the title meant. Besides, who, if he opened the book, could resist such a chapter heading as 'Orpheus, Moses, and Fo-hi; Who They Were.' Who could resist, I mean, putting it on his shelves? It is perfectly easy to resist reading it.

But the books that it has surprised me most to find on my shelves are the books on health and medicine. I am all the more surprised because I never read books on medicine. I do not mind confessing to an occasional dip into a reference book which gives all the diseases in alphabetical order with a description of their symptoms. I have been spared many an anxious night through taking it down and discovering that an occipital headache does not necessarily mean what I thought it meant.

The sort of medical books, however, of which I find to my astonishment that my shelves are full, are books with names like *What Shall I Eat?* and *How to Live Long.* I got rid of *Self-Help for Nervous Women* some years ago. I gave it and *With a Dog-Sleigh in Canada* to a woman's suffrage bazaar. The lady who ran the stall told me afterwards that she sold both books to the same person, who said, as she took up *With a Dog-Sleigh in Canada*, 'This will do for the spare room.'

Possibly it was for the haunted room that she bought *Self-Help for Nervous Women.*

Now I had been keeping that book for years; I do not know why. I do not know any nervous women — at least, I never met a woman who was half so nervous as I am myself. As for *What Shall I Eat?* it can be said in its favor that the subject is a good one. Probably, when I took it home, I thought it was full of descriptions of the sort of delicacies that you see in Fortnum and Mason's windows. Alas, on looking through the book lately, when owing to a flitting I had to make a clearance of some hundreds of volumes, I found that it might as well have been called *What Shall I Not Eat?* Pages are wasted on such subjects as bread and potatoes. Thus, when the appetite craves for something like a Ritz dinner, the author solemnly harps on such things as this:—

> Bread is for all, hale or ailing, the fundamental element of alimentation. From the physiological standpoint the man who performs manual labor requires a large quantity of it. So far as pathological conditions are concerned, we know of no disease in which the use of bread is especially indicated; but there are such in which, by retalia-

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tion, as it were, it is badly tolerated and may even prove harmful.

No doubt it is a good book for those who wish to read that sort of thing. I confess I prefer Plutarch or Wordsworth or Edgar Wallace. I do not wish to be told that 'the action of eggs on the liver has given rise to endless discussion,' or that: —

If large quantities are eaten, eggs may become injurious, as the liver becomes surcharged not only with nitrogenous bodies, but also with fat and lecithin. Chemical analysis of *foies gras* shows how quickly lecithin is accumulated in the liver.

It makes me melancholy to think that I have for years been giving house-room to this sort of stuff under a misapprehension. The last man in the world whose opinion I would take on what to eat would be a doctor. It is far safer to consult a waiter, and not a bit more expensive.

There are other books of a medical kind, however, which I have been delighted to discover lately on my shelves. I have thrown away many books in the last fortnight, but I have not thrown away *A Stitch in Time*. Just as I was about to throw it away, I opened it by chance at the cure for hiccoughs, which runs: —

Draw in deep breaths, holding them as long as possible. If this fails, pull tongue out with handkerchief and place a piece of salt or soda bicarbonate on the back of it. Continue to hold the tongue out for a few minutes. Put mustard plaster on stomach.

I am not sure that, in certain cases, treatment so drastic would not be resented. It is not everyone — even in the genial afterglow of a City banquet — who would allow you to pull out his tongue with a handkerchief and to place a piece of salt or soda bicarbonate on the back of it. It is not even everyone who would allow you without protest to put a mustard plaster on his stomach. Thus this volume of 'Simple and Practical Remedies and Suggestions for Use when a Physician cannot be Immediately Secured and in Cases Considered too Trivial for Professional Care' may well fail at the first impact of its advice on real life.

The first chapter of this admirable book is called 'Miscellaneous Casualties,' and it covers a number of the more terrifying things that may happen to us, from dog and snake bites to 'nose-bleed.' One of the most useful paragraphs is headed 'Swallowing Buttons, Coins, and so forth.' It begins: —

If lodged in throat remove with forceps, piece of wire, crochet needle, or by a sharp slap on the back with patient's head and arms hanging down. Infants can easily be inverted, holding by legs.

What seems odd to an ordinary reader is that writers of books of this kind take it for granted that a piece of wire can be got hold of in less time than a doctor. I confess, if at a crisis I were suddenly told to go and fetch a piece of wire, I should not know how to set about it. I could, no doubt, if given time enough, discover a hardware merchant's; but even then I should not care to order less than a yard, as a smaller quantity would look mean, and a yard of wire would be far too long to put down a child's throat unless it had actually swallowed the button. On the whole, I prefer the alternative mode of treatment, for, as the author of *A Stitch in Time* reminds us, 'infants can easily be inverted, holding by legs.'

Dipping into the book, I came on a number of other curious pieces of information in the chapter called 'Everyday Troubles,' among which, I regret to find, are included cracked toes, lumbago, and boils; but the following chapter of 'general information and hints' pleased me still more, on account of the kindly spirit in which the reader is told

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how to take care of a hot-water bottle. There is too much thoughtlessness in the common attitude toward hot-water bottles. The author of *A Stitch in Time* would have us treat them as considerately as a little girl treats her doll. Thus: —

Fill bottle only a third full. Lay bottle lengthwise on flat surface, holding neck up, allowing water to fill neck. Expel all air by gently patting the bottle. Screw on cork and invert. Dry off and make sure of no leakage. Put cover on or wrap in towel.

Could anything be more sympathetic, more humane? And, indeed, there is nothing responds more quickly to humane treatment than a hot-water bottle. Treat it roughly, flood it with boiling water, and it will struggle, kick, and give great gasping sobs, and, as likely as not, burn the hand that feeds it. Treat it tenderly, and pat it gently while filling it with water of exactly the right heat, and it will purr like a kitten. I once knew a man who called his hot-water bottle 'Willie,' and who used to talk to it, as he filled it, as if it had been a pet animal.

The worst of it is, however, if one begins to read the books one finds on one's shelves, one has no time to get rid of them. And, delightful as it is to hurl books on a heap to be thrown away, how much more delightful it is to open one of them casually and to come on such a passage as I have just come on in *Man's Best Food:* —

Chrysippos, a Stoic (282–209 B.C.), considered that animals had reasoning powers. Democritus, and after him Pliny, ascribed moral characteristics and religious feeling to elephants.

The discovery of such a passage confirms one in one's belief that there is probably something in every book that makes it worth keeping. I have to exert my will to keep from peeping between the covers of some of these monsters in two volumes, for fear I should find something interesting in them and not have the heart to add them to the sacrificial pile.

You may think it impossible to find anything interesting in a book in two volumes, but I remember doing so several times.

TWO CHURCHES

BY MILAN OGRIZOVIĆ

[Milan Ogrizović is a popular Croatian writer who is particularly happy in his humorous studies of life in the Balkans. 'Two Churches' is one of a group of his tales published in Agram.]

THERE are two religions in the village of Bakić — the people living along the hill belong to the Greek-Orthodox Church and those dwelling in the valley are Roman Catholics. Where there is more than one religion, there are usually as many churches. The houses of worship in Bakić are not such great and beautiful structures as one sees in the cities; they were built just to answer the purpose — for the good people to pray in and, when their minds and souls are not actually concentrated on prayer, to stare at something.

The Catholic church in the valley is of stone, a little chapel, while the Greek-Orthodox temple on the hill is

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of wood, but larger than the other. The church on the hill has two bells, both alike in size and tone, and the one in the valley has three, two alike and the third one somewhat smaller; and whenever some prominent villager passes on to the next world the bells of both churches ring in unison a sonorous farewell to the soul.

In a word, the two churches never cause any ill feeling among the people of the village of Bakić. One never hears any arguments concerning religion and church rules. When holidays come, especially at Christmas time, people visit each other and exchange greetings of the season. On occasions of different church or parish gatherings and feasts, young people from both the hill and the valley homes play *kolo* before the church, either one or the other, and, unless personally acquainted with both, one cannot tell whether the young man is a Catholic or the maiden a Greek-Orthodox.

It often happens that the sight of some girl of one faith pleases the eyes of some young man of the other faith; and the result is love and marriage. Now church rules pertaining to marriages which involve two religions are complicated, to say the least; and to remove any possibility of hard feeling or misunderstanding on account of a slight difference in religions, as well as to eliminate correspondence with the Bishops and the civil authorities, the young people as a rule take the matter into their own hands and follow a very simple course. That is, one of the two enters the church of the other, and — presto! — one faith, one love. You can now imagine how much work this means for the two spiritual leaders of the community.

At the time of our story the shepherd of the Greek-Orthodox flock was Pope[1] Joco Gjermanović, and Father Marko Ivanusić, a grand old man, was the beloved head of the Catholic parish in the valley. Luck had it that Pope Joco and Father Marko were very warm friends. Like their parishioners, they visited each other and respected one another's convictions. Often the villagers saw Father Marko and Pope Joco sitting under the latter's linden tree, cups of wine before them, chatting and laughing in perfect friendship. Then again they saw Pope Joco pay a visit to the priest in the valley.

The two were not brought to an exchange of bitter words even when it came to marriage problems. 'We shall leave it to the Bishops,' they would say, and thus everything ran smoothly. Not that either of them was indifferent to the strength of his parish — they both firmly defended the principles of their respective religions. But when it appeared to them that it was to the best interest of peace, either Pope Joco or Father Marko gave in.

Pope Joco Gjermanović had a daughter. Desanka was her name, but her father and mother called her 'Desha.' She was beautiful — in every way an ideal of girlhood. The pope and his wife loved her above everybody and everything else on earth, as she was their only child. Although she was not a common peasant girl, she nevertheless worked about the house, and even milked cows. She had been brought up according to her father's ideas. 'Desha will not necessarily marry some high official from the city — perhaps only some teacher or young pope — probably some young man from the village,' Joco often said to his wife.

Desanka reached her eighteenth year, an age when a girl becomes the subject of much gossiping, guessing, and speculating. Two, three months elapsed without bringing about any developments in her case, to the disap-

[1] Greek-Orthodox priest.

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pointment of many; and then one day Desanka met Mirko Novković, clerk in the village mayor's office. He was not a common mayor's clerk; he had already passed examinations for the county cashier's position and, as they say, was in line for promotion.

'He is very manly and handsome!' Desanka told herself. And daily Mirko would pass by her father's house and raise his hat to her. Presently he stopped, and they exchanged a few remarks, smiles, and laughs. The affair came to the attention of the village, and also to the ears of her mother and father; but old Pope Joco did not give it much thought, saying that it was a matter for women to gray their heads with.

A month later, when the pope happened to be away from home, her mother contrived the following conversation with Desanka about the mayor's clerk: —

'Why is that man always passing by our house?'

'What man?'

'That Novković, or whatever his name is.'

'Why should n't he, mother? Is n't the street open to all?'

'But he always looks toward the house.'

'Who can forbid him to look at any house? Why, mother — '

'And it seems to me you are speaking to him.'

'Why should n't I speak to him? Is n't he a good Christian?'

A few moments' silence. Then: 'Tell me, dear. Do not have any secrets from your mother.'

And Desanka laughed aloud. 'What shall I tell you? I talk to Novković like I do to anybody else.'

'It appears to me you like him,' said the mother, finally.

'Perhaps I do — perhaps I love him!' — boldly.

As the conversation progressed, Desanka confided to her mother that Mirko Novković had already asked her to marry him as soon as he became county cashier.

'But he is not of our faith!' exclaimed her mother.

'I know he is n't of our faith!' returned Desha.

'Then, my darling daughter,' sighed the old lady, 'it will be difficult. You know that father will never consent to your marriage to a Catholic. It has never yet happened that a pope's daughter married a man of another religion.'

'Mother, suppose you speak to father about it — not directly, remember; just suggest it to him.'

That evening after supper Desanka stepped out of the room, leaving old Pope Joco and his wife alone. The pope lighted his long pipe and sat gazing out of the window into the valley, where it was already growing dark. His wife, at the other end of the table, was nervously fingering a few crumbs of bread. And outside the door stood Desanka, waiting, impatient. At last Joco's wife coughed a little and then began: 'Joco, I want to speak to you about something.'

'Well' — from Joco.

'Our Desha is growing,' said his wife, 'and — well, she is no longer a child, as you can see for yourself. We should give a thought to her future — her marriage. I've wanted to speak to you about it before. She has already chosen her man. I suppose you 've heard about it?'

'Yes, I think I have,' replied Joco, apparently bored, 'but I 've never concerned myself about it. Such things are for women to discuss and settle.'

'It 's that Novković,' continued Joco's wife, persistently. 'He is not a bad sort. He has already asked her,

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and Desha loves him. Novković would come to ask you for her hand, but he does n't quite dare yet.'

'Novković, Novković!' The old pope at last became interested. 'Hm, hm! Now I remember. He is not a bad sort, indeed, but — eh — is n't he a Catholic?'

'Yes,' admitted the old lady, 'he is a Catholic.'

'Eh — then it is out of question,' said the pope emphatically. 'My child cannot — '

'But there are laws for that,' interrupted his wife. 'They can both remain what they are and — '

'Eh? Yes — ' The pope was indignant. 'Perhaps it would be all the same to a woman, but not to me! What would their children be?' And he reached for his hat and left the house.

Desanka and her mother cried late into the evening.

'Why don't you try to get your *momek* into our religion?' suggested the mother.

'Oh, he could never do that,' answered Desanka. 'Father Marko got him his present position, recommended him for county cashier, and helped him in many other ways. If Mirko were now to drop his religion, that would mean that he was ungrateful to Father Marko.'

'Then, my dear child,' sighed her mother, 'you would best forget him. That is all I can say to you.'

'Forget him! Forget him!' repeated Desha to herself, but gave no answer to her mother. As though that were as easy as to kill a fly — to forget him! Why, she would rather sacrifice her form of religion than try to smother her love! And then, what difference does it make whether one is Catholic or Greek-Orthodox?

Presently Desanka had an opportunity to tell Mirko Novković how the situation stood. 'What are we to do?' she implored him.

'We shall continue loving each other,' smiled Mirko, 'and wait. Just now I can't enter your Church because of our priest and you can't become a Catholic because of your father, but the weather often changes.'

A week later Mirko was appointed county cashier and had to move to Drežnica. It was hard for them to part, and Desanka feared that she would lose him.

'Don't worry, dear, don't worry,' her mother tried to console her.

'Oh, but mother,' said the girl, 'you don't understand! I 've been thinking day and night and I have almost decided to become a Catholic.'

'You are mad,' her mother warned her. 'Remember father!'

'I don't care!'

'Be careful what you say, child,' pleaded the old lady.

'He is pope first, then my father,' Desanka argued. 'If he were not a pope, he would never object.' Then, after a moment's silence, she stood up and declared: 'I have come to my decision! You and I are going to Father Marko this very afternoon and arrange for my entrance into his Church.'

'Child, you are mad!' exclaimed her mother. 'Is Novković the only man in the world? There are others; he is n't everything!'

But Desanka and her mother, notwithstanding the latter's protests and pleas, went to Father Marko and carefully explained to him the entire situation. Father Marko was at first greatly surprised, and then, keeping in mind his friendship to Joco and the advantages of peace in the village, he informed the women that he was sorry, but he could not take the responsibility. As they persisted, the priest suggested that they should go to the parish head in Drežnica and that there Desanka

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should enter the Church, repeating that he regretted that it was, so to speak, impossible for him to accommodate her, in view of his close friendship with Pope Joco Gjermanović.

That was satisfactory to the girl and her mother, and one Sunday morning, shortly after, they went to Drežnica to enter Mirko's religion. Their going to the neighboring parish was a secret. Desanka planned to get through the procedure required; then, as a Catholic, to visit Mirko and tell him the glad news; and in the evening to return home, together with Mirko, and inform her father.

But Desanka was greatly disappointed, after coming from the church, to hear that Mirko was not in Drežnica, but had left the town early in the morning. Her mother thought that Mirko had possibly gone to the village of Bakić. He had perhaps taken the road through the woods, while she and Desanka journeyed to Drežnica by another route, thus failing to meet him.

So, instead of spending the better part of the day in Drežnica as they had planned, Pope Joco's wife and daughter returned to their village that same morning. The bells of both churches were ringing, glorifying the Lord's day; for Lord's day it was for all — for those whose house of worship was on the hill, as well for those who went to Father Marko's little church in the valley.

It was just after services when Desanka and her mother reached their home on the hill. And whom do you think they saw standing under the linden tree but Pope Joco and — Mirko Novković! Old Joco was clasping Mirko's hand and speaking to him in a fatherly manner.

'Eh, you women!' he exclaimed, as he turned about and saw his family approaching from the road. 'We have a guest for the day. And some day he shall be my son-in-law!'

Without doubt the old pope was in a very happy frame of mind, but his wife and daughter could not understand.

'Well, why are you standing there like two statues?' continued old Joco. 'Go, Desha, and bring us some brandy and cheese.'

In a few minutes, Pope Joco and his family and their guest, Mirko Novković, were sitting under the linden tree, cheese and brandy on the table before them.

'Well,' said Pope Joco, turning to his guest, 'tell the women how things now stand. You must have noticed that their faces are swelling from sheer curiosity. They are not sure whether they are awake or dreaming. Ha, ha!'

And then Novković explained that, in order to remove the obstacle in the way of Desanka's and his happiness, he had come to Pope Joco and asked him to be admitted into the Greek-Orthodox Church. He had not told Desanka about his intention, having planned to give her a pleasant surprise. He knew that Father Marko, the priest in the valley, would not approve of his step, but — oh, well — Desanka's happiness and his own was all that really mattered.

The old lady and her daughter were speechless.

'That is the truth,' added Pope Joco. 'He came to me this morning and told me about this and that, and I performed the ceremony and entered his name in the book. Now he is one of my flock and I no longer object to your marriage, Desanka, my daughter; but, like a good father, I urge you to become Mirko Novković's wife.'

But Desanka and her mother seemed to be living corpses.

'Eh, women!' yelled Pope Joco.

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'Have you forgotten you have tongues? It would be proper for you to say something — something that would make me even happier than I am.'

'Is it possible that I have n't done right?' asked Mirko.

'Oh, yes,' the old lady managed to say; 'but had we known that yesterday — '

'Don't tell them, please, mother,' begged Desanka in a whisper.

'Has Desha changed her mind about marrying me?' asked Mirko, in alarm.

'What is it? What is it?' demanded Pope Joco. 'Tell me what has happened. You speak, Desha.'

'We went to Drežnica,' confessed his daughter, 'and I entered the Catholic Church, so that I could marry Mirko.'

Pope Joco jumped to his feet, angered beyond expression.

'Quiet yourself, Joco,' begged his wife, and he tried to comply with her wish.

He thought for a moment, and then he said: 'Matters are worse than ever now. I can't tell who is who. But in the end it does n't matter. Father Marko and I will write to our respective Bishops — I for you, Mirko Novković, who are now one of my flock, and Father Marko for you, Desanka, my daughter — and we shall let the Bishops settle the case. That is all. God bless you!'

To this day no one in the village of Bakić knows how the Bishops settled the case; but those who were invited to the wedding of Mirko and Desanka meet one another of a Sunday morning on their way to church — some go to the wooden church on the hilltop, others to Father Marko's little stone chapel in the valley.

THE ART OF CHALIAPIN

BY E. A. BAUGHAN

From the *Saturday Review, March* 4
(English Tory Weekly)

Fedor Ivanovitch Chaliapin is an astonishing artist. His thrilling singing and acting in the Russian operas on the eve of the war hypnotized all London. The fame of his singing then does not account, however, for the hysterical enthusiasm aroused by his recent concert-recitals. It has been even more unbridled than the wildest enthusiasm aroused by Pachmann or Paderewski in the old days of St. James's Hall.

There does not seem much inspiration for enthusiasm at the Albert Hall. Its atmosphere is impersonal, almost austere. You cannot hear any music there with intimate delight, and it is not possible for an artist to impress his personality on his audience as a whole. Yet that is what Chaliapin apparently achieved. People high up in the gallery waved their handkerchiefs and programmes with as much energy as those who were close to the singer. If he had sung music that is known to be popular one could have understood the enthusiasm, but at the recital I attended he was heard in a number of Russian songs which had nothing to commend them

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except that they provided a neutral medium for the expression of dramatic feeling.

I had the idea that if Chaliapin were musician enough to extemporize, he would make even a greater effect; for in the more neutral songs, from a musical point of view, he made his greatest successes. Of the genuineness of that success there can be no doubt whatever. It would be easy enough to brush aside his effect on the audience as a thing of no moment; but, though the mentality of a crowd as a whole cannot be above its average, it will not do to sneer at popular enthusiasm. There must be some good reason why this Russian singer in dull Russian songs can move an audience so profoundly.

One reason, and perhaps the chief, is that Chaliapin is an impressive figure of a man — tall above the common, exuberant, and not a bit like a singer. The ordinary concert vocalist (the word suits him) is nothing more than a sleek, shining instrument. He is just a medium for the expression of the music. However well he may sing, he cannot arouse personal enthusiasm. Indeed, if we are to appraise him justly as a singer, we have to look away from him. Chaliapin, on the contrary, attracts all eyes to himself. He has none of the professional singer's mannerisms, but sings to his audience as if they were his friends and guests. Merely to look at him is to be impressed by his big simplicity. If he were on the platform to deliver a speech on some dry question of economics, we should be prepared to listen with interest. Probably he is so good an actor that he has purposely created Chaliapin, the concert-singer who does not look like one. He has the unnatural absence of self-consciousness which can only be achieved by training and experience, and is really a kind of superconcentration on self.

Therefore Chaliapin the public man makes us ready to listen to Chaliapin the artist, and he has many great gifts as artist. The voice, when it is in good form, has a very individual quality and is capable of a great range of expression. He is quite as good in comic songs, such as Moussorgskii's 'Song of the Flea,' and Dargomizhskii's 'The Miller' and 'The Government Clerk,' as in tragedy. His hold over the public is that he is not primarily concerned with the music he sings, but with the emotion of the verse. That is the very opposite to the method of most concert singers.

Years ago Madame Antoinette Sterling made the same appeal. She sang only very simple ballads, and did not sing them really well from a musical point of view; but she was so intent on their sentiment that she made a great effect. Later in her career she became exaggerated. She had made a histrionic figure of herself and (or so it seemed) acted it. Here and there Chaliapin gave me the impression of going the same way. His very choice of songs will gradually increase his tendency to histrionic exaggeration. They call for but little else. When he sings something that has real musical value, such as Schumann's 'The Two Grenadiers,' he loses the musical expression in his desire to make the most of the dramatic. That is not really necessary, as other great artists have proved over and over again.

An ordinary audience is naturally impressed by Chaliapin's dramatic power. It has no standard of judgment. Jean de Reszke in the third act of *Tristan*, Ternina in the *Liebestod*, and Caruso in the big aria of *I Pagliacci* (I make a catholic selection) are either forgotten or have not been heard by the bulk of a modern audience. A remembrance of those great artists and of others, such as Hentschel, Wüllner, and Van Rooy, who sang dramatic *Lieder* to perfection, makes one a little diffident

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of endorsing the popular enthusiasm for Chaliapin. One has yet to hear him in songs or operatic arias which demand that dramatic and musical expression should be welded into a whole.

It is one thing to sing that Russian music which has no intrinsic musical value, and quite another to sing music which is music. The artist's problem is much more complex. Yet, strangely enough, the very qualities that make Chaliapin impress his public were possessed by the great singers of the past. Caruso did not become famous merely from the sheer beauty of his voice, but also from the intense dramatic energy of his singing. It was the same with Calvé, Ternina, and the two De Reszkes, and with all the great artists except those who relied entirely on *coloratura* singing. Chaliapin does nothing that they did not do, but they did not sing songs which depend on drama in the crude. They had not merely to be dramatic, but to be so within the prescribed limits of the music.

It is doubtful if Chaliapin could be that. At least I have never heard him in any opera or song in which dramatic expression was at all hampered by the exigencies of music. The public likes the drama of his singing, of course, for it should be, but unfortunately is not, the inspiration of all singing; but to acclaim him as he was acclaimed the other night at the Albert Hall seems to me only possible to those who have no standard by which they can judge the art of singing. On the opera stage he is great as an actor, in voice, gesture, and bearing alike; but he has not yet done in the concert-room anything that even approaches his work in *Boris Godounov* on the stage, and in the other Russian operas in which he has appeared in London. Possibly there may be a third reason for his popular success. The very artlessness of the Russian songs he sings and their supine pessimism appeal to a mood of the moment. It happens to be a fashion for which some profound reason might be found; but, whatever else it may be, it is not a fashion for great art.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD

BY MRS. LYNN LINTON

From the *Saturday Review, March* 14, 1868; *reprinted March* 11, 1922
(English Tory Weekly)

Time was when the stereotyped phrase, 'a fair young English girl,' meant the ideal of womanhood; to us, at least, of home birth and breeding. It meant a creature generous, capable, and modest; something franker than a Frenchwoman, more to be trusted than an Italian, as brave as an American but more refined, as domestic as a German and more graceful. It meant a girl who could be trusted alone if need be, because of the innate purity and dignity of her nature, but who was neither bold in bearing nor masculine in mind; a girl who, when she married, would be her husband's friend and companion, but never his rival; one who would consider their interests identical, and not hold

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him as just so much fair game for spoil; who would make his house his true home and place of rest, not a mere passage-place for vanity and ostentation to go through; a tender mother, an industrious housekeeper, a judicious mistress.

We prided ourselves as a nation on our women. We thought we had the pick of creation in this fair young English girl of ours, and envied no other men their own. We admired the languid grace and subtle fire of the South; the docility and childlike affectionateness of the East seemed to us sweet and simple and restful; the vivacious sparkle of the trim and sprightly Parisian was a pleasant little excitement when we met with it in its own domain; but our allegiance never wandered from our brown-haired girls at home, and our hearts were less vagrant than our fancies.

This was in the old time, and when English girls were content to be what God and nature had made them. Of late years we have changed the pattern, and have given to the world a race of women as utterly unlike the old insular ideal as if we had created another nation altogether. The girl of the period and the fair young English girl of the past have nothing in common save ancestry and their mother-tongue; and even of this last the modern version makes almost a new language, through the copious additions it has received from the current slang of the day.

The girl of the period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face as the first articles of her personal religion; whose sole idea of life is plenty of fun and luxury; and whose dress is the object of such thought and intellect as she possesses. Her main endeavor in this is to outvie her neighbors in the extravagance of fashion. No matter whether, as in the time of crinolines, she sacrificed decency, or, as now, in the time of trains, she sacrifices cleanliness; no matter, either, whether she makes herself a nuisance and inconvenience to everyone she meets. The girl of the period has done away with such moral muffishness as consideration for others or regard for counsel and rebuke. It was all very well in old-fashioned times, when fathers and mothers had some authority and were treated with respect, to be tutored and made to obey, but she is far too fast and flourishing to be stopped in mid-career by these slow old morals; and as she dresses to please herself, she does not care if she displeases everyone else.

Nothing is too extraordinary and nothing too exaggerated for her vitiated taste; and things which in themselves would be useful reforms, if let alone, become monstrosities worse than those which they have displaced so soon as she begins to manipulate and improve. If a sensible fashion lifts a gown out of the mud, she raises hers midway to her knee. If the absurd structure of wire and buckram, once called a bonnet, is modified to something that shall protect the wearer's face without putting out the eyes of her companion, she cuts hers down to four straws and a rosebud, or a tag of lace and a bunch of glass beads. If there is a reaction against an excess of Rowland's Macassar, and hair shiny and sticky with grease is thought less nice than if left clean and healthily crisp, she dries and frizzes and sticks hers out on end like certain savages in Africa, or lets it wander down her back like Madge Wildfire's, and thinks herself all the more beautiful the nearer she approaches in look to a maniac or a negress.

With purity of taste she has lost also that far more precious purity and delicacy of perception which sometimes mean more than appears on the surface. What the demimonde does in its frantic efforts to excite attention, she also does in imitation. If some fashionable *déver-*

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gondée en évidence is reported to have come out with her dress below her shoulder-blades and a gold strap for all the sleeve thought necessary, the girl of the period follows suit next day; and then wonders that men sometimes mistake her for her prototype, or that mothers of girls not quite so far gone as herself refuse her as a companion for their daughters. She has blunted the fine edges of feeling so much that she cannot understand why she should be condemned for an imitation of form which does not include imitation of fact; she cannot be made to see that modesty of appearance and virtue ought to be inseparable, and that no good girl can afford to appear bad, under penalty of receiving the contempt awarded to the bad.

The imitation of the demimonde in dress leads to something in manner and feeling, not quite so pronounced perhaps, but far too like to be honorable to herself or satisfactory to her friends. It leads to slang, bold talk, and fastness; to the love of pleasure and indifference to duty; to the desire of money before either love or happiness; to uselessness at home, dissatisfaction with the monotony of ordinary life, and horror of all useful work; in a word, to the worst forms of luxury and selfishness, to the most fatal effects arising from want of high principle and absence of tender feeling.

The girl of the period envies the queens of the demimonde far more than she abhors them. She sees them gorgeously attired and sumptuously appointed, and she knows them to be flattered, fêted, and courted with a certain disdainful admiration, of which she catches only the admiration, while she ignores the disdain. They have all for which her soul is hungering; and she never stops to reflect at what a price they have bought their gains, and what fearful moral penalties they pay for their sensuous pleasures. She sees only the coarse gilding on the base token, and shuts her eyes to the hideous figure in the midst, and the foul legend written round the edge.

It is this envy of the pleasure and indifference to the sins of these women of the demimonde which is doing such infinite mischief to the modern girl. They brush too closely by each other, if not in actual deeds, yet in aims and feelings; for the luxury which is bought by vice with the one is the thing of all in life most passionately desired by the other, though she is not yet prepared to pay quite the same price. Unfortunately she has already paid too much—all that once gave her distinctive national character. No one can say of the modern English girl that she is tender, loving, retiring, or domestic. The old fault so often found by keen-sighted Frenchwomen, that she was so fatally romanesque, so prone to sacrifice appearances and social advantages for love, will never be set down to the girl of the period.

Love, indeed, is the last thing she thinks of, and the least of the dangers besetting her. Love in a cottage, that seductive dream which used to vex the heart and disturb the calculations of prudent mothers, is now a myth of past ages. The legal barter of herself for so much money, representing so much dash, so much luxury and pleasure — that is her idea of marriage; the only idea worth entertaining.

For of all seriousness of thought respecting the duties or the consequences of marriage, she has not a trace. If children come, they find but a stepmother's cold welcome from her; and if her husband thinks he has married anything that is to belong to him,—a *tacens et placens uxor*, pledged to make him happy, — the sooner he wakes from his hallucinations and understands that he has simply married someone who will

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condescend to spend his money on herself, and who will shelter her indiscretions behind the shield of his name, the less severe will be his disappointment. She has married his house, his carriage, his balance at the bankers, his title; and he himself is just the inevitable condition clogging the wheel of her fortune — at best an adjunct to be tolerated with more or less patience as may chance. For it is only the old-fashioned sort, not girls of the period *pur sang*, that marry for love, or put the husband before the banker.

But she does not marry easily. Men are afraid of her; and with reason. They may amuse themselves with her for an evening, but they do not take her readily for life. Besides, after all her efforts, she is only a poor copy of the real thing; and the real thing is far more amusing than the copy, because it is real. Men can get that whenever they like; and when they go into their mothers' drawing-rooms, to see their sisters and their sisters' friends, they want something of quite different flavor. *Toujours perdrix* is bad providing all the world over; but a continual weak imitation of *toujours perdrix* is worse.

If we must have only one kind of thing, let us have it genuine; and the queens of St. John's Wood in their unblushing honesty, rather than their imitators and make-believes in Bayswater and Belgravia. For, at whatever cost of self-love or pained modesty it may be, it cannot be too plainly told to the modern English girl that the net result of her present manner is to assimilate her as nearly as possible to a class of women whom we must not call by their proper — or improper — name. And we are willing to believe that she has still some modesty of soul left hidden under all this effrontery of fashion, and that, if she could be made to see herself as she appears to the eyes of men, she would mend her ways before too late.

It is terribly significant of the present state of things, when men are free to write as they do of the women of their own nation. Every word of censure flung against them is two-edged, and wounds those who condemn as much as those who are condemned; for surely it need hardly be said that men hold nothing so dear as the honor of their women, and that no one living would willingly lower the repute of his mother and his sisters. It is only when these have placed themselves beyond the pale of masculine respect that such things could be written as are written now; when they become again what they once were, they will gather round them the love and homage and chivalrous devotion which were then an Englishwoman's natural inheritance.

The marvel, in the present fashion of life among women, is how it holds its ground in spite of the disapprobation of men. It used to be an old-time notion that the sexes were made for each other, and that it was only natural for them to please each other, and to set themselves out for that end. But the girl of the period does not please men. She pleases them as little as she elevates them; and how little she does that, the class of women she has taken as her model of itself testifies.

All men whose opinion is worth having prefer the simple and genuine girl of the past, with her tender little ways and pretty bashful modesties, to this loud and rampant modernization, with her false red hair and painted skin, talking slang as glibly as a man, and by preference leading the conversation to doubtful subjects. She thinks she is piquant and exciting when she thus makes herself the bad copy of a worse original; and she will not see that though men laugh with her they do not respect her, though they flirt with her they do not marry her; she will not believe that she is not the kind of thing

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they want, and that she is acting against nature and her own interests when she disregards their advice and offends their taste.

We do not see how she makes out her account, viewing her life from any side; but all we can do is to wait patiently until the national madness has passed, and our women have come back again to the old English ideal, once the most beautiful, the most modest, the most essentially womanly in the world.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY W. R. C.

[*New Witness*]

Psallite Deo, qui ascendit super cœlum cœli: ad Orientem

AUTUMN streamed innocent and lonely about my grange among the hills
With that pale blueness, glimmering healing, that is the cure for parched Earth's ills:

A vision of remote resurrection, a hallowed silence still and calm,
Dreamed in the infinities of distance, muted the noon's wind-psalm.

While in mine orchard I went slowly, to pick up the brown earth-fallen pears,
My spirit beheld the holy Future, veiled in a crystal mist of tears.

O delicate as virgins' mantles and wise also the dim Earth lay,
Faint coloring with her fading glories the footsteps of departing day:

Arched like a vault, pallid and silent, beckoned the breathing sky, with hand
Slenderly poised and veined with azure, appealing for the wearied lands

A certitude of resurrection did o'er my brooding memory roll:
Thou shalt arise and yet more lovely, Europe, thou mother of my soul!

The wine shall fill again thy chalice of transubstantiated gold,
While reigning from thine ivory palace thou shalt shine fairer than of old!

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE CURLEW AND GOLDEN PLOVER

BY R. C. K. ENSOR

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE Curlew and Golden Plover
Nest highest upon the moor,
Hatching their eggs and dwelling
The nearest to heaven's door.

There by the lonely summit,
On the black and heathy earth,
In the haunt of the clouds and thunder,
They break from the shell to birth.

With never a tree to screen them,
And no roof but the skies,
They neighbor the naked vastness
That over the cloudland lies.

The sun is their foster-father;
They bask in him without let;
The first to welcome his rising,
The last to watch him set.

The moon is their sweet companion;
She lends them her lamp for guide
When they roam to feed by the rivers,
Or the sea-beach at ebbtide.

With voices tuned to the tempest
That rocks them as they fly,
They send up into the vastness
A lonely challenging cry.

They love the sublime things only;
They have strength enough for their mood;
They scorn to crowd on the lowland
With creatures of tamer blood.

The heart of their joy is freedom;
The sun, the moon, the heath —
These have sufficed them living;
These shall suffice in death.

Night and day by the summit,
While round the tempest rolls,
They purify in the vastness
Their clean and passionate souls.

THE HERON

BY WILL H. OGILVIE

[*Westminster Gazette*]

SOLITARY, silent at the brown burn's edge,
Bent above the ripple where the shy trout run,
He but sees the wan wave lapping on the sedge —
I can see the bit-bars flashing in the sun.

High and swift above him rush the startled teal,
Gray and close about him lies the mother-mist,
He but sees the round hill rising like a wheel —
I can see a horseman with hawk upon his wrist.

Brown below the heather runs the ripple on his feet,
Low among the shallows there are shadows slipping through,
He but sees the moor-trout mingling as they meet —
I can see the goshawk stooping from the blue.

Now he hears a footstep; wakes a sleeping power;
Wide-winged and wonderful sails away, and slow.
I can see a tall knight 'neath a lady's bower,
Riding with a shorn plume at his saddle-bow.

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BEST SELLERS IN PARIS

EDMOND ROSTAND'S play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, holds the Parisian record as a best seller, being now in its five hundred and thirty-eighth thousand; and the next-best seller is also a Rostand play, *L'Aiglon*, which is in its four hundred and sixth thousand. Next in order comes *Maria Chapdelaine*, a fascinating tale of the life of a young girl on a bleak French-Canadian farmstead, which won for its author, Louis Hémon, only a faint success in Canada, but which was started on a career of success, both literary and financial, by a discriminating European critic — unhappily not until after the author's death.

M. Hémon was born in France, but lived for a long time in Canada, dying in Ontario. A monument to him now stands on the shores of Lake Peribonka, where the scene of his story is laid.

So great has been the success of this novel in Paris that *L'Illustration* devotes to it a long article, 'Au Pays de Maria Chapdelaine,' in the course of which M. Gaillard de Champris writes: —

> Now a word or two about *Maria Chapdelaine* and Canadian opinions. Of course, the book soon took its place as the finest that Canada has inspired, and to-day its prodigious success stirs a joyous pride in our hearts; but some differences of opinion have sprung up which are worth knowing about. I have heard it contended that the life of the settlers is not a gloomy life. To these pioneers is ascribed light-hearted boldness, and their words, their songs, and their interludes are brought to prove it. But there is another party, also, who bring facts and witnesses to prove the truth of the dismal picture presented by Louis Hémon.
>
> For my part, I never found the book gloomy or dispiriting; and although the life of the Chapdelaines and the Gagnons may not suit transplanted outsiders like the piano-tuner in the novel, I know very well that the natives find there the conditions that satisfy their strange moods of independence. . . .
>
> However all this may be, the appearance of *Maria Chapdelaine* is a genuine benefit to both our countries; and if it is true that in literature, at least, to love is to understand and that there are likings which reveal the soul, then both Canada and France may be equally proud, the one because its literature counts a new masterpiece, and the other because it has inspired it.

It is curious to see how exactly French taste divides itself between the realists and the romantics. Rostand has replaced Zola; but among the year's new novels have been such acrid pieces of realism as Chardonne's *L'Épithalame*, *Maria Chapdelaine*, and *Batouala* — the latter, of course, highly colored, but realistic in manner and intent. M. Henri Barbusse has reached 336,000 copies with *Le Feu* (translated as *The Squad*), and his earlier book, *L'Enfer*, scarcely noticed when it was first published, has climbed to 284,000. Anatole France's *Lys Rouge* stands at 326,000 copies and Pierre Loti's *Les Désenchantées* at 332,000. Even Zola's greatest successes seem slight compared to such sales, and yet the sales of *La Débâcle* to date are 260,000, of *La Terre* 247,000, of *L'Assommoir* 194,000, and of *Nana* 160,000.

René Bazin's *Les Oberlé* has reached 276,000 copies, but may lose some of its hold on the French public now that Alsace and Lorraine are again under the tricolor. Henri Bordeaux lays claim to two successes in *La Neige sur les Pas*, 166,000 copies of which have been sold, and *La Peur de Vivre*, which has reached 152,000.

Beside *Maria Chapdelaine* even the much-discussed Goncourt Prize novel seems relatively unsuccessful, though it has sold 100,000 copies. Other recent

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books that have been widely read are Pierre Benoit's *L'Atlantide* (153,000), Roland Dorgeles's *Les Croix de Bois* (150,000), Paul Géraldy's *Toi et Moi* (152,000), and René Benjamin's *Gaspard* (100,000).

✤

A RUSSIAN INTERPRETATION OF 'HAMLET' IN GERMANY

BEFORE it left Berlin for Prague, the company of the Moscow Art Theatre gave a boldly unconventional production of *Hamlet*, in which the Russian tragic actor, Katschalow, had full scope for his great histrionic powers. The production was marred by numerous mechanical difficulties with scenery, which made it necessary to make several illogical cuts in the play. The settings, which were quite as unusual as the acting, were rather strongly tinged with Byzantine art for the taste of Western Europe.

This was not a *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out. The heart of the performance was neither the *Inszenierung* nor the admirable supporting company, but Katschalow himself, whom an Englishman in Berlin thus describes: —

> To an Englishman, Katschalow's rendering was especially attractive, if only for its complete freedom both from the Irving tradition and from the Italian School of Rossi. Plump, fair-haired, and indecisive, Katschalow at first looked like a good-natured young Dane, with the Northern European's weakness for abstract thought. When Shakespeare wrote a play about a Dane, and described him as fat and scant of breath, it requires some courage to assume that he did not mean a haggard, black-haired Southerner.
>
> Katschalow is a brave man, and by producing a Hamlet whose behavior does not belie his appearance makes the play an artistic whole instead of an interesting riddle.
>
> As might be expected, the performance did not please the Berlin critics. To them Hamlet must be a philosopher rather than a dreamer; and a convention as stupid and false as the Irving tradition insists that '*grosse Tragödie*' shall be acted with tremendous emphasis. Restrained acting — '*Molltonart*,' as they call it rather contemptuously — cannot hope to aspire higher than '*Die Tragödie des Alltags*.' Why a King should be more noisy over his grief than a schoolmistress or a dustman is a mystery which no foreigner can hope to understand.

✤

NEW FRENCH COINS

PARISIANS are eagerly awaiting the appearance of the new fifty-centime coins in bronze aluminum. The coins have been officially issued — a very different thing, unfortunately, from coming immediately into general circulation. They have been photographed in the press and some have been turned over to various banks and other institutions. Within a few months they will probably be passing from hand to hand about Paris. The new one-franc and two-franc pieces, which have officially been in circulation for months, are only now beginning to become general in Paris, and the provinces have so far received scarcely any. On the Riviera they are still almost unknown except in a few centres of luxury, and are treated with curiosity mixed with some mistrust by the shopkeepers.

✤

THE POET AND VITAMINES

MR. CHARLES L. GRAVES, of *Punch*, has published a book of verse which he has called *New Times and Old Rhymes*. He frolics gayly about such modern foibles as psychoanalysis, free-verse poets, the Fabian Society, the physics of Einstein, and the statues of Epstein. Of these last he observes: —

> Einstein makes parallels meet in Infinity,
> Epstein remodels the form of Divinity.

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But it is when Mr. Graves comes to the highly modern subject of vitamines that he becomes really lyrical. This is the poem that he calls 'Broken Melody': —

O vitamines, O vitamines!
Whether one breakfasts, lunches, dines,
With your assistance to dispense
Is simply tempting Providence;
With you in every dish and plate
We are the masters of our fate,
And need no fortifying wines,
O vitamines, O vitamines.

O vitameens, O vitameens!
Ye vital sparks in eggs and beans —
An hour ago an expert came
And taught me how to sound your name
As men of science have decreed:
And, as it dislocates my screed
And knocks my rhymes to smithereens,
Farewell, O blighted vitameens!

❦

'THE DISMAL SCIENCE'?

THE *Westminster Gazette* thus classifies some books received for review: —

POLITICS, ECONOMICS, AND SOCIOLOGY

REID, ELEANOR. *Marrying Madeleine.* (Hurst and Blackett, 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
MAURIAC, FRANÇOIS. *Le Baiser au Lépreux.* (Grasset, Paris, 5*fr.* net.)
DE BARNEVILLE, PIERRE. *Tiburce.* (Grasset, Paris, 6*fr.* 75*c.* net.)
MAKIN, W. S. *The Price of Exile.* (Fisher, Unwin, 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
STRAUS, RALPH. *Volcano.* (Methuen, 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Who said Political Economy was a 'dismal science'?

❦

'WILLOW PATTERN'S' PARROT

A LITTLE while ago the *Westminster Gazette* offered a prize for the best poem on 'The Parrot.' Some of the verses that resulted were grave and some were gay and some were unintentionally funny, as is the way in prize contests. Of them all the most amusing — though it did n't get a prize — is this little ditty by 'Willow Pattern': —

He lived for twenty years or so
In calm and opulent retirement,
With willing slaves to come and go
Attending to his least requirement.
No servant ever 'saw to James' —
You know how careless any maid is;
So he was one of Life's first claims
On two benign unmarried ladies.

And we, who watched him climb his pole
Or let one heavy eyelid flicker,
Admired him much, upon the whole —
Though once, at tea, he bit the Vicar.
But James would never deign to talk:
He 'd give it long consideration,
And find, with an indulgent squawk,
Nothing that called for conversation.

Until one night his reticence
Burst with a proper pride's upswelling,
And 'Pretty James! What, eighteen pence!'
He shrieked to an astonished dwelling.
They found him standing on one leg,
Excited beyond comprehension —
But James had just produced an egg,
And felt this really worth attention.

❦

A NEW PINERO PLAY

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO returns once more to the footlights with a play of miracle and imagination, somewhat in the vein of Sir James Barrie. The creator of *Iris* has given up social problems to bring upon the stage the imps, and witches, angels, cherubs, and miraculous transformations which some British critics are unkind enough to say remind them of a Christmas pantomime. Perhaps the play would be better if it were disencumbered of its supernatural machinery, for the human part of its story is simple and pathetic and not without its share of a spiritual beauty.

Oliver, the hero, has been physically wrecked in the war. His nerves are awry, his features mutilated, his leg twisted. He tries to hide from the world, but cannot escape from a foolish mother and a stepfather who will not leave him in peace. A plain and homely girl takes pity upon his wretchedness

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and shows him kindness. Oliver asks her to marry him, but is tactless enough to remark that such a wreck as he can scarcely hope for a pretty bride and must needs be content with a kind one. In the next act they are married, but — wonder of wonders — they have undergone a sea change into something rich and strange. Oliver is straight and tall and handsome, and Laura has become a beauty; but no one has yet seen them and no one has spoken with them save a blind man, another victim of the war. Awed by the miracle which he cannot see, the blind man departs, hoping that, while miracles are in order, one may be obliging enough to happen to him. The lovers go off, and suddenly more miracles begin to happen. Imps come down the chimney, cherubs pop out of unexpected corners, witches dash gayly in on broomsticks.

In the last act the tiresome relatives arrive, and the blind friend prepares them to behold the transformed couple. But when the lovers come, they appear as they were in the first act. There has been no change. The relatives hurry away; the blind friend cannot understand. Whereupon the dramatist produces an old housekeeper who is suspected of being a witch and of having a hand in the miracle; but before ringing down his curtain, he allows it all to be explained as the old transforming effect of love. Oliver and Laura have never really changed. They have only become beautiful in each other's sight.

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MORE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS

In 1907 the publication, by authority of King Edward VII, of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, aroused a great deal of interest, although the selection from Her Majesty's correspondence extended only to the death of the Prince Consort. Until the late war, considerations of state made further publication inadvisable; but some of the most serious obstacles have now been removed by the great changes in European politics, and King George V has now consented to the publication of a further installment of Queen Victoria's correspondence, in continuation of the former book and on very much the same lines.

Detailed work on these documents is in the hands of Mr. George E. Buckle, former editor of the *Times*, and author of the later volumes of the *Life of Disraeli*. So many papers will have to be examined that the book will probably not be ready before 1924. It will be published by Mr. John Murray.

✻

BOOKS MENTIONED

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Hémon, Louis. *Maria Chapdelaine,* translated by W. H. Blake. New York: Macmillan. $2.00.

Höffding, Harald. *Ledende Tanker i det Nittende Aarhundrede.* Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm: Gyldendalske Boghandel, Nordisk Forlag, Publisher. 6.75 *Kroner.*

Ogrizović, Milan. *Tales.* Agram (Croatia, Yugoslavia): Humoristićna Knjižnica.

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